

Gal g E d c
LIBERAL OPINIONS,

In which is continued the

H I S T O R Y

O F

B E N I G N U S.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from the heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

SHAKESPEARE.

WRITTEN by HIMSELF.

And published by

COURTNEY MELMOTH.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. ROBINSON, and J. BEW, in Paternoster-
Row ; and Sold by J. WALTER, Charing-Cross.

MDCCLXXVI.

13



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS LORD LYTTTELTON,
CHIEF JUSTICE IN EYRE, AND ONE
OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOUR-
ABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

MY LORD,

LOVE of letters and the fine
arts is hereditary to you :
to excel in them yourself, and to
cultivate them in others, as it is
the characteristic, so should it be the
motto of your family. I cannot,
therefore, resist the ambition I have
of taking this method to acquaint
the world, that its reception of the
former volumes of the *Liberal Opinions*,
has been justified by the im-

A 2

primatur

iv DEDICATION.

primatur of my Lord Lyttelton—
of a nobleman who promises to the
nation, on which the father so long
reflected honour, a person of equal
ability, equal eloquence, and equal
generosity, in his immediate suc-
cessor.

I am,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

COURTNEY MELMOTH.

P R E F A C E.

IT was the opinion of Horace, Rabelais, and Le Sage, of Cervantes, Swift, and Fielding, and many other names familiar to every man of reading, that *laughing* satire was the likeliest to succeed, as it always strikes the *bonied* *sting* more deep into the heart. Benignus seemed to have entertained the same idea ; now and then yielding to the *pathetic*, but never indulging the *passionate* ; yet Juvenal himself had not more cause to be out of temper. It is, indeed, most likely, the author of this History apprehend-

ed, with Young, that "the world is too proud to be fond of a *serious* tutor," and that if his narrative should ever get into print, it would stand little chance to be *well* read (that is, to be read agreeably and *advantageously*) had he gratified the mere dictates of despair; had he left nothing behind him, but a dull detail of his injuries, with the complaints of a gloomy recluse, and the despondencies of a dying hermit. In one of his chapters he mentions this; and, accordingly, he set down every scene (without the formality and punctilio of authorship) exactly as he felt it upon recalling it to mind; and I make no doubt but that, while he was thus faithfully engaged in describing his adventures, it hushed for a while the sense of his misfortunes,

tunes, and he probably forgot (such is the consequence, and such the importance of exercising the mind) that he was, in fact, a solitary self-banished man, in the recesses of a forest.—For my *own part*, I have nothing to tell the reader, but that I wish, with all my heart, he may find as much entertainment in perusing these adventures, as I have found in transcribing them from the manuscript ; the spirit of which is not *even yet*, I trust, exhausted.

I cannot, however, take my leave of the reader, (as the editor of *Benignus*) without briefly obviating certain objections which were made, by some, to the *moral* tendency of the former part of the History. Let me declare, therefore, that the adventures of *Benignus* are not so much recom-

viii P R E F A C E.

mended as objects of regular imitation, as of general escape. The goodness of that person's heart, and the integrity of his intentions may safely be proposed as the purest standards; but his passion for travel and the excess of his undistinguishing bounty, with the various inconveniences and awkward perplexities arising from thence, are examples rather to terrify than to follow. His unlimited benevolence, so far from promoting, defeats the felicity which would arise from a better directed, and a judicious generosity: and nothing more was intended by the expression, that, "*nine times out of ten, to be extremely good, is not, in this world, the way to be happy,*" than this, that when liberality loses its name by rambling into profusion; when the hand

in-

P R E F A C E. ix

indiscreetly gives, without the suffrage of the understanding, though the designs of the heart may be ever so amiable, it ceases to be, in fact, goodness, and is therefore nine times out of ten rewarded by the contempt of œconomy, the ridicule of imposture, and the trick of necessity.

To warn the unwary then; to put simplicity upon guard; to regulate the kindest, noblest passion, and to shew the delicate partition, which divides humanity from weakness, and feeling from folly, these Memoirs are published; in which (for such purposes) are exhibited scenes of hazard, enterprizes of moment, and a diversity of characters, not, I hope, ill adapted to the occasion. I earnestly beg the History may be read with these views, and I as ardently wish any
im-

x P R E F A C E.

imprudence may be avoided, or any discretion acquired by the perusal.

It is necessary to say something for having prefixed a Table of Contents to these volumes, contrary to the design of Benignus, whose opinion upon upon this subject will be seen in the sixty-sixth chapter.---To works, however, of this nature, it is not only customary to give short introductory summaries, but it was even whispered to the editor, by several *gentle* readers, that such pithy hints at the head of a chapter were not only agreeable, and convenient, but even honest and conscientious in an author; for, said they, if we like the promised matter in the *general*, we enter readily into the *particulars*: if we do not, we turn over the leaves, till we hit upon what is better suited to our taste.

That

P R E F A C E. xi

That I may make this History as pleasing as possible, by yielding to the wish of various tempers, I have taken the freedom of an editor, to humour certain readers in this article : but, that I might not too flagrantly oppose the intentions of my author, I must beg leave at the same time to observe, that I have managed my information with some skill and œconomy ; and, though a little is anticipated, a great deal more will be found in every chapter, than can, or indeed *ought* to be told, at the top : and therefore it is my serious and earnest advice, as a fair dealing editor, between author and reader, that (lest any entertainment should be lost) the whole should be read through with candour and resolution.

A D-

ADVERTISEMENT,

These volumes begin with the arrival of their hero, Benignus, in the metropolis, and continue the History, immediately from page 93, chapter the forty-seventh, of the volumes already printed:

C O N-

C O N T E N T S

C H A P. XLIX.

THE sentiments of simplicity, at a first sight of London.—Perverseness of a hackney-coachman.—Politeness of a lady.—Benignus arrives at the house of Mrs. Darlington, his relation.

C H A P. L.

A boy's embarrassment amongst people of fashion, with many other matters.—A comparison between a morning in London and a morning in the country.—Benignus discovers in himself a talent for description.

12

C H A P. LI.

The hero sketches a scheme of life.—A rhapsody on the magic of imagination.—Recapitulates past adventures, he is amazed, mortified, and moralizes—Resolves to be prudent, and gives an instance of it.

20

C H A P. LII.

Containing a breakfast dialogue, a female wit, and other curious particulars.—
Pe.

C O N T E N T S

Benignus walks out to criticise the city, and is attended by Mr. Jonathan Abrahams, the steward, and Mr. Benjamin Abrahams.—The hero's remarks on the adventures of the morning. P. 29

C H A P. LIII.

Transactions with a jeweller, with the misfortune of Abrahams. 43

C H A P. LIV.

The steward's avarice—and stratagem to recover his property.—Very curious conversations at a bookseller's, with a display of literary characters. 62

C H A P. LV.

A discourse between Mr. Jonathan Abrahams, the steward, and a silversmith.—Mr. Abrahams discovers that his charity is equal to his religion. 76

C H A P. LVI.

Benignus detects the passion of Alicia—a dreadful misfortune befalls the object of it.—Benignus is unbenevolent, and feels, for the first time, the reproaches of conscience. 89

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. LVII.

Containing an episode, but recited in low language, and which some readers will probably think unnatural and inelegant.

P. 100

C H A P. LVIII.

The episode continued, wherein Mr. Benjamin, and somebody else make no inconsiderable figure.

106

C H A P. LIX.

In which the episode still goes on, in the same low style.

112

C H A P. LX.

The episode ended.

122

C H A P. LXI.

Containing miscellaneous matter.—A childish anecdote, with a grave moral—Benignus speaks like an author.

132

C H A P. LXII.

The remarks of Benignus upon the commerce of visitings.

141

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. LXIII.

Wherein the steward makes a very great appearance.—He is put into a pair of scales.

P. 151

C H A P. LXIV.

The steward's character is problematical.—Benignus commits a very foolish action, for which some will think the better of him.

167

C H A P. LXV.

In which several matters are reconciled to probability, with a word, by the by, to readers in behalf of authors.

C H A P. LXVI.

Full of tenderness, or weakness, or whatever the taste and temper of the reader pleases to call it.—The art of authorship practised by Benignus.

C H A P. LXVII.

Containing a character of consequence; and the concluding pages of the third volume.

195

LIBERAL OPINIONS, &c.

THE
HISTORY of BENIGNUS.

C H A P. XLIX.

NOTwithstanding the tumultuous
bustle, which on all sides at-
tracted my attention, as I advanced
into the city, it was late enough in
the evening for a country gentleman
to expect more appearance of tranqui-
lity ;

VOL. III. B

lity ; and indeed, certain I am, more than half the inhabitants of my village were asleep.

As I passed therefore, along streets, which were illuminated, and shops, which exhibited, with an air of ostentation, every thing to view, I gave way to the perfect simplicity of my soul, and asked the coachman (for Mr. Greaves had now left me) upon what *public* occasion, these *rejoicings* were made ? — Rejoicings, your honour, answered the fellow, I see no rejoicings for my part : the lamps indeed, burn a little merrily, but so they do every night o' the year, for the matter of that—Very well, said I—drive on briskly, sir.

So said, so done ; and briskly he *did* drive with a vengeance ; mounting

ing such precipices, thundering down such vales, turning such corners, clattering over such stones, and making such angles, that (unused to so pleasant an exercise) I was utterly unable to keep my seat, and was tossed about the coach from one side to the other, till a sudden jolt drove my head incontinently against the glass on the left hand, which gave me an opportunity to cut my cheek, and hold forth my disaster, to the author of it. I ordered him to go less furiously, assuring him, at the same time, while I applied a handkerchief to my cheek, that I was not an *express*, nor upon any errand that required such hazardous expedition—Oh, very well, replied this obedient driver, I at your honour's pardon, but I

thought *as how* you might like to go the *long trot*. He now set forward, and crept so provokingly slow, that I had full leisure to contemplate every thing I beheld around me.

At the end of a street, I saw a cluster of *shewy* young women, who seemed to have met by accident, and were rejoicing at the interview; while the coachman, therefore, was indulging his present fit of deliberation, moving as if he had a mind to stand still—one of the ladies very politely walked by the side of the coach for some time, enquired after my health with great affability, and at last most hospitably invited me, to *drink a glass of wine* with her. Struck with the agreeableness of her figure, and genteel address, and not doubting but that

that she was some young lady who had seen me either at school, or at my village (but whose features were worn out of my memory) I made her a profound bow of acknowledgement, expressed my concern at not being able to accept her flattering offer, but would take the first opportunity to pay her my respects. In delivering this sentence (while the good-natured creature expressed her satisfaction at seeing me, even by a gentle pressure of the hand) I had the confidence to look in her face, in the hope of recollecting an *old friend*; but, such was the treachery of memory, that, although she actually called me twice or thrice, *her dear*, (which methought denoted particular intimacy) I could no way recognize her. However, I was in

some measure rewarded for my pains, by surveying a countenance, where the roses and lilies were so *nicely* blended, the brow so delicately arched, and the bosom so exquisitely white, that I congratulated myself highly at having found so *amiable* an acquaintance, and signified my intention to wait upon her, at all events, the next day.

All this time, during which, *I* was leaning half out of the window, the coachman was stifling a laugh, which, when it was no longer to be repressed, would very well have become the lungs of the animals he was driving. At length, (he cries, turning himself round upon his box,) why she's a tight going thing, your honour, I'll get down and open the door.—Will you ride with the gentleman, Bess? what say

say you, hey? Imagining he meant to insult *my friend*, whom I was bound in honour and indeed in conscience to protect, I exerted myself warmly in her behalf, insisted that the fellow should not affront *my acquaintance*, but go directly where he was ordered; then, addressing the lady, I was preparing a very proper apology for this unparalleled rudeness, when the coachman with a saucy smack of his whip, so increased the speed of the horses, that I found myself at a considerable distance, before I thought of asking her direction.

This, however, I *now* determined on, and stopping the coach, by dint of absolute vociferation, I commanded the fellow to drive me back again to the lady, as I had forgot to enquire

in what *street* she resided, and where I might find her house. Her *house*, replied the coachman—somewhat fur-
lily, it will be a difficult *jobb of work* to find that, I fancy. She's a *here-and-thereian*, as a man may say—she has no house—No house, said I! And yet (re-
sumed the heroe of the long lash) she is pretty well known at *most* houses in town, for all that. What, cried I, is she then a woman of such *distinction*. Very great dictinction, he replied; Bess Bronsby beats round all the baw-
dy houses in a night, sometimes—*Bawdy Houses*, said I, what is she then—is *that* lady—can it be *possible* that—that I stammered at a little—and felt the colour in my face—I know what your honour would say, interrupted the coachman; and she is *all that*, I
can

can assure you, and more too. Astonishment silenced me, and it was some time before I was able to say, go along, coachman, pray go along, sir—

Reflections now thickened upon me, and thus, at last, in the language of simplicity and inexperience, I argued.

Fair unfortunate! how I pity thee. Thou haply art another *Almeria*, detesting thy sad situation, and shedding many a tear, to the fraud which occasioned, and to the disaster which continues it to thee. Haply some father, with the feelings of Mr. Greaves, may at this very moment, mourn thy loss, and thy wanderings—
—Oh that some gentle spirit, inspired with benignity, would *interest* itself in thy fate—would exert its friendly endeavours to sweeten it—Thy *heart*
may

may not acquiesce in the concessions of thy *person*; and if it be so, (as surely the lustre of thine eye is the lustre of innocence) dost thou not sigh for the compassion of a friend? dost thou not weep for the bosom of a father? Oh that Providence may bestow these blessings upon thee, and mayst thou, in a parent's protection, once more find shelter from mankind!

I had finished this soliloquy just as the coach stopt in a spacious square at the house of my relation; and after the man had opened the coach-door, I saw a woman moving along, in no situation to be envied; for she could by no means walk, either direct or angular; and tho' well dressed, she was seriously *cursing* herself all the way; and protested vengeance against the
very

very next scoundrel she should meet—
 what's the matter with you, poor woman, said I, stepping out of the coach: are you subject to fits? Fits be—
 d—d, replied the lady—O, yes cries the coachman, look your honour how *woundily strong* they are upon her *now*.
 Alack-a-day, poor soul, she's got the *staggers*. You *lie*, you scoundrel, said the lady. The coachman knocked at the door, and I was conducted, by a footman, to the family of my cousin. Drunk! said I to myself, as I passed through the hall, and ascended the stair-case—*drunk!* a well-dressed woman, drunk in the public street, at this time of the night, and using such language too, because a man civilly inquires what's the matter with her? Methinks the London ladies are a little queer—

queerish : Lord help me, I see, I know no more of the ways of this world yet, than a sucking pig. Courage, Benignus—*that world*, is “all before you.”

C H A P. L.

I was so extremely fatigued with my journey, from never having travelled so far, or so long together before, that I was under the necessity of asking permission to withdraw to my apartments soon after I had paid, and received, the customary compliments. Aukward matters to be sure, *first salutations* are at best, but to a fellow who has not yet rubbed off the bashfulness of a boy, by mixing with men, they are horribly distressing. I do not know that ever I felt a more displeasing sensation than at my entrance in-

to

to the room, in which Mrs. Darlington, and her niece, were sitting, in all the primness of expectation. Starch, stiff, laborious formality, was visible in every thing around me, and I really thought there was something *punctilious* in the very look of the *furniture*. But alas! I soon found the formality was in *myself*—I was embarrassed, and therefore imagined every thing near me *partook* the confusion. How much was I mistaken! As soon as I expressed a wish to retire, the wish was granted, without any pageantry of ceremony: Mrs. Darlington desired I would do exactly at *her* house as I would do at *my own*.

Polite woman, said I, as I was following the servant to my chamber—this Mrs. Darlington is certainly the
best

best bred woman in the world ! There is a crisis at which fatigue is favourable to repose, but a single moment, *beyond* the crisis throws weariness upon the pillow. I was however, lucky in this respect, and slept thro' the night, without once waking, to toss, to turn, or to contemplate. The sun and I got up chearfully together, though he did not seem to rise with so splendid a countenance in this place, as I had been used to observe him, from the windows of my village. To say the truth, the morning after my arrival was the most lazy-looking morning I had ever beheld, and yet it was scarce less than six o'clock when I was dressed. Time however seldom hangs heavy on a man resolved to improve it, and inclined to be satisfied.

The

The prospect from my apartment was a handsome square, with a garden in the center. Through this square I presently saw a woman dressed in a man's *blue surtout*, and sauntering along with a pair of pails, mewing as she walked, like a cat in distress; then followed a foot-boy shuffling, over the pavement, and highly delighted at the conceit of shaking the ends of a sack, which hung over his shoulders, into the good woman's pail, without her perceiving him. And some little time after this, came a solitary ass, dreaming beneath panniers, which appeared to contain vegetables for the market: after him, at due, and drowzy distance, crept the driver, who looked, if possible, more sleepy than his beast: but they both knew
their

their business, and habit will carry a pack-horse, we know, to the end of his customary stage without any eyes at all. It is to be presumed, therefore, in these cases, they *smell* their way. Certain it is, the ass with *two* legs, and the ass with *double* that number, crossed the square blindfold, without any deviation from the track, that led to the beginning of the next street. How many, alas ! of their brethren wander from the right road, as the phrase is, when *broad awake*. This descendant of the sagacious Baalam, deserves therefore to be complimented.

I amused myself in this *idling* way for half an hour, and then went down stairs, which by the bye, were carpetted (I presume to clean the shoes) —from top to bottom. But sad was the

the survey of all below—all was *still* as midnight, and pretty nearly as *dark*. The door of the street was chained—the shutters were closed with bars of painted iron—the cricket was complaining that the fires were out, and the pendulum clickt in its corner, a *neglected, melancholy monitor*. It pointed to me, however, the intelligence of wanting only four minutes to seven. It gave warning to strike—That may be, said I, but I suppose you may strike again before any one in this Castle of indolence will make thee an answer. The seven o'clock of the country, is indeed, so very different from the seven o'clock of London—at least the polite part of it—that I instantly ran into the contrast; for the readers will find (if readers I have) that I was a

desperate fellow to *think*, before I began to *act*; or in other words, that while I was all sentiment, and no fact —(I hope the definers of sentiment will forgive me) all theory, and no practice, it was very unusual for me to let the minutest objects pass, without producing a reflection—a short conversation with myself—an ejaculation—a note of interrogation, or an exclamation: and for the first ten years of my life, this last matter was so very remarkable in me, that it became at last *characteristic*, and I was distinguished in several circles, under the nick-name of *honest Ebu!*

As I looked at the clock, which methought spoke very sensibly, I say, I could not avoid rambling into a *contrast*. All I have seen hitherto, I cried,

is

is a mighty indolent collection of creatures truly. Dull, dreary, dreadful, and solemn: now, *in the country*, what a different face has the time of the day—a face, not of business only, but of joy. The milk-maid is singing at her pail, the ploughman is whistling over the furrow, the birds are offering up their hymns from the hedges, the very waves of the water seem to pursue each other in sport, the leaves frolick to the gale, and the lambs are tripping over the lawns.

At the close of this soliloquy, I conceived myself so prettily poetical, that I heartily forgave the gloom which at first occasioned it, and in high good-humour with *myself*, re-ascended the stair-case.

C H A P. LI.

I now laid down with perfect resignation, on the bed, till I might really hear somebody stirring : but as I had no inclination to sleep, because I had *nothing to do* (which is however no uncommon excuse for indolence) I resolved to employ the period, in which I was thus shut up from society, in sketching a *scheme of life* ; and laying a plan for my conduct, in the capital.

Oh imagination, imagination, what a forcerefs—what a witch art thou !
How dost thou take reason by the hand, and idea by the heart, leading them through all thy lovely *wilderness*
of

of mazes; now into the recesses of the shade, now into the avenues of sunshine—still intricate—still entertaining—till the youthful adventurer puzzled, as pleased, in the pursuit, presses onward with *too enterprizing a step*, till thou leavest him, on a sudden—a misguided stranger, in a *Fairy Land*. Surely fancy never promised, or painted pleasanter scenes, or more delightful figures than at this moment, danced before me, in all the luxury, and decoration of romance!

Thou art now, said I, Benignus, in the capital of the British world; thou hast fortune to *accommodate*, a heart to *bestow*—some little discernment to *see*, and much health to *enjoy*. But pr'ythee now, my good lad, treasure up the hints which have been

given thee, learn wisdom from the wise; and get understanding from experience. Already hast thou seen something worth *memorandum*: let me advise thee therefore to extract useful morals from the whole. Thus then runs the catalogue: thou hast seen, in the coarse conduct of the grocer, that *selfishness* is, at best, but a dirty, fordid road to happiness; and in the *benevolence*, of Blewitt, that *benevolence* should condescend to be guided by *discretion*. In the behaviour of Mr. Greaves, is strongly marked to thee the golden characters of *sensibility* and *æconomy*—of tenderness, disciplined by prudence, of *bounty* regulated by *reason*. The manners of thy *villagers* may serve, well enough, to shew thee, that thou wilt needs meet with much discontent—much
mistake,

mistake, much rudeness in thy migrations. The man who travels, must *pay* for his curiosity. In thy curate thou mayst see that the system of *philosophic* patience is not proof against a foolish spark from a foolish tobacco-pipe; and from the ways of thy earlier play-mates, thou mayst observe, that he who endeavours to do a great deal of good, must have fortitude enough to bear calmly, and even *well temper'dly*, a great deal of mortification. Fore-warned, therefore, fore-armed; be *that* the maxim. Act with deliberation: thou hast already met, even since thy arrival in London, strange matters — an obstinate coachman; a lady of distinction without any *settled habitation*; and a woman strolling intoxicated through the street at *ten o'clock*.

o'clock. Prepare thyself, therefore, for *oddities* of all sorts. Keep honest prudence ever before you, and as thou journeyest along, esteem *her* as the safest monitor, of thy youth. Be very cautious, and be very happy.

This well-connected and solid chain of argument, put me in such high spirits, and made me (in my own conceit) so very *clever* a fellow, that I could lie no longer; but, springing from the bed with the agility of a man, delighted with a flattering idea, I danced about the room as light as a feather; and seriously believing, I was now a *match* for all the artifices of the world, I cared not how soon I rallied forth to encounter them.

By this time, my watch positively declared it was *eight o'clock*, and I began

gan again to listen, whether the morning had yet commenced in *London*. By the greatest good fortune, I heard a foot moving softly upon the stairs: there was something social in the sound, and in going towards it, I saw the maids, cautiously descending with their shoes in one hand, and a candlestick in the other. As I passed by them, they stared at me, as if to satisfy themselves, whether it was really the *strange gentleman*, or the *strange gentleman's apparition*. A *strange gentleman* assuredly they thought me, for upon my asking how long it would be before breakfast, and that, with the best natured accent in the world, they replied with great astonishment—*breakfast, sir!* why it is but a little past *eight o'clock*—O.—an't it, said

said I—(willing to seem no greater a fool than necessary)—an't it, my dear; I declare, I supposed it might be almost *nine*!—*Nine, sir*, answered the other maid—would you please to breakfast so *soon* as *nine* then?—No—no child, I replied, I will wait till your ladies get up. *That* will be 'twixt twelve and one, cried the girl. She now quite did for me, and I went sneaking up the stairs a *third* time, feeling the *ridicule* of my own figure, and repeating the words *twelve* and *one*, with astonishing emphasis at every step, inasmuch that, as I mounted in the climax, I absolutely stamped again : and thus disturbed the family, by ringing the changes upon *twelve* and *one*.

Well, said I, shutting the door, this is a pleasant existence truly—why,
for

for ought I see, a man's life, in *this* town, should be estimated, rather by the number of *nights* than days: at this rate of calculation, fifty years out of the threescore and ten, are *passed between the blankets*—so that, allowing, upon an average, ten *more* to dressing, undressing, eating and drinking—two to mere sauntering, five to sickness, and two, to paying, and receiving visits, there remains but the solitary unite (even supposing existence to be protracted to the utmost) either to be *good*, or to be *happy*. Heaven help me! I am afraid I have got in a strange family; for it can *never be*, that this great feat of trade and pleasure, should be such a dreadful dormitory as that comes to—No—no—I have hit upon the fact, Mrs. Darlington's is a
 parti-

particular family, and contains a very heavy-headed tribe. Be this as it may, I will have at least the prudence to hold my *tongue*, whatever use I make of my *eyes*. Indeed I will be cautious in *every thing*: saying this, I applied once more to the window for entertainment; and seeing a poor fellow at that time sitting down in the square to breakfast on a dirty piece of bread, I involuntary opened the fash to ask what objection he had to butter? None—said the poor creature—no objection in the world, sir—but I am a child of sorrow—and had not lady Pamper's dog, (that lives at yon great house) had an objection to this piece of bread, (which he carried last night in his mouth in order to bury it, but on turning it over, thought it I
suppose

suppose *too stale*) I should not have had *any* breakfast; so, that being the case, *bad* is better than *none*, you know, sir. I have resolved to be *cautious*, friend, said I, but I see you are hard pinched, and so—there's a shilling for you. I closed the window, and prided myself upon having displayed that true medium betwixt bounty and profusion, in giving only *one* shilling at a time, instead of *two*. Yes, yes, said I, I see there is nothing like it—a *cautious* man, is an *excellent character*.

C H A P. LII.

In these reflections I indulged myself till about ten minutes past twelve, when a footman, with a bunch of
twisted

twisted papers at his ears, came to acquaint me, that the ladies were waiting tea for me in the *library*. I obeyed this summons with pretty much that sort of joy which a prisoner might be supposed to feel at the receipt of an unexpected relieve.

Mrs. Darlington, and her niece were seated at an elegant tea-table, at which, a superb service of plate and china were exhibited. The tea was measured from a silver canister, and poured from a golden urn—but unluckily, the *noon tide* sun came rather too rudely into the room—that odious light puts out one's eyes, exclaimed the matron — lower the blinds, Alicia. Good day to you, ladies, said I, if it is not *too soon*: I
un-

unluckily aimed at humour, in this salutation. Why it *is* rather too soon, exclaimed the young lady, to call it day already ; but you country 'squires always rise, I think, with the lark, and go to bed with the crow—is not *that* the maxim ? Pray draw a chair, cousin, said Mrs. Darlington—never mind that noisy thing, but sit down and get your breakfast. Lord, cousin, replied Alicia, what do you call this ! Gemini ! crimini ! what have you got—here she lifted up the skirt of my coat, which had been the work of a rural taylor, and was not, (it seems) quite *ridiculous* enough for the London taste. This really *won't do*, Benignus, continued miss Darlington : I hope you rested agreeably, cousin, said Mrs. Darlington.—But I see, my good reader,

reader, there will be no end of your says *I's*, and says *she's* in this case—so I'll e'en throw the breakfast-conversation into dialogue.

Alicia. It's a lovely fine morning, Benignus!

Mrs. D. What will you do with yourself after breakfast, cousin?

Alicia. Do you drink *sugar*?

Mrs. D. I suppose you will smile at our *cream*?

Alicia. Shall I make your *tea* pretty sweet?

Mrs. D. I hope you will make a long stay with us?

Alicia. I dare say, you admire the country?

Mrs. D. You don't *eat*, cousin?

Alicia. Do you find your *tea* agreeable, cousin?

Mrs. D.

Mrs. D. I am afraid you breakfast too late?

These *interesting* questions all past, and repast, like the rebounds of battle-door and shuttle-cock, in about the space of one minute; so that, in attempting to reply to each, I was kept in a continual flutter, now directing myself to the aunt, and now to the neice. At last came on an interval, which I did not fail to fill up, by informing the ladies, in a confused manner, by way of *general* answer: that I *rested* well, — it was indeed a *fine morning* — I drank *sugar* — did not propose *staying long* — liked the country — perhaps, upon trial, might like *London better* — would take the *cream* just as I found it, but did not choose to *eat* any thing at present.

VOL. III.

D

While

While I was thus speaking with a tremulous voice, the old lady flanted her head till her right ear was exactly brought parallel to my mouth; and Alicia was biting her lips, and catching her breath, as if labouring to subdue the hickup. What does my cousin say, Alicia? cried Mrs. Darlington,—still remaining on the slope—what is he talking about? Alicia then, with a very grave face, and most audible voice, recited the substance of my speech. I now found that Mrs. Darlington was defective in the faculty of hearing; she was indeed so *extremely* deaf, as scarce to understand the notes of her niece, which I had afterwards reason to believe, were in no degree wanting in shrillness.

When

When Mrs. Darlington, therefore, dealt forth her interrogatories, they were intended only as a proper quantum of that inoffensive chit-chat, well adapted to the tea-table, and just as agreeably insipid as the tea itself. And as she never heard one syllable, of the pertinent questions with which miss Alicia plied me, she imagined her inquiries to run thus: What will you do with yourself after breakfast, my dear cousin? As you are so great an admirer of the country, I fear at first, the time will hang heavy on your hands, in town. You will smile at our dignifying water and milk, with the name of cream; and as you don't eat, I am afraid we breakfast too late for your usual time.—Now these sentences (with little momentary

pauses between) would have been pleasing enough: and to do Mrs. Darlington justice, it must be confessed she did make at least a comma at each; but Alicia, who was both a wit, and a wag, ran her notes of interrogation, so rapidly between, that she not only destroyed her aunt's stops, and my endeavours to answer, but played upon the imperfection of Mrs. Darlington, made *me* sit as if I was labouring under a violent impediment, and confounded the whole conversation. Nor was this all: Alicia speaking provokingly in a low voice, could not be *heard* in any degree by the poor lady, nor in her present oblique posture could this fun-loving Alicia, be even *seen*; for Mrs. Darlington was sitting on a contrary side of the chair,

very

very attentively waiting my replies. It is more than possible, that Mrs. Darlington supposed I was *actually* making my responses very regularly, and that, upon principles of politeness, she rather bore the mortification of losing every syllable, than give a stranger to her infirmity the trouble of repeating his sentiments. She was a woman of real fashion, and the instant she understood from her rogueish interpreter, that I designed to employ my morning in taking a transient survey of the town, she said her coach was now, and would always be at my service; but when she found I chose walking, she directed her footman to order Benjamin to attend me, adding, that, against my *next* excursion she would see out amongst her young

friends for a more suitable companion. This advance of friendship reinstated her in my esteem. I pitied her misfortune, and began again to think she was the best natured woman breathing. Of the young lady, however, I made a memorandum, and set her down in the volume of extraordinaries.

In something less than a quarter of an hour after the tea-things were removed, a young fellow of a florid complexion, with his hair curling in his neck, came to inform me Mr. Abrahams would wait upon me in five seconds. Mr. Abrahams, was, it seems, the steward of Mrs. Darlington's estates, and had great share also in the management of her *domestic* affairs; and my cousin, willing to accommodate

commodate me in the best manner, went out herself to order the said *steward*, rather than a common menial adherent, to attend me. At the time this message was brought me, Alicia and I were looking over the books, with the *titles* of every one of which (numerous as they were) she appeared to be acquainted; she perused the *bearer* of this message, as accurately as possible, the moment he entered; and indeed he was a very proper subject for *female criticism*.

Mr. Benjamin — for Benjamin it was, — was the *nephew* of this Mr. Abrahams — the footman *out of livery* to Mrs. Darlington — and the *favourite* of Mrs. Darlington's *niece*. He was now habited in a light green coat and waistcoat, neat buck-skin breeches,

brown thread stockings, a ruffled shirt, shining shoes, and silver-buckles. Nor were *other* necessary appendages wanting; such as an hazle switch, headed with a piece of ivory, in his hand; a cravat, which, with a narrow edging, and tied carelessly, adorned his neck—a garnet breast-buckle in the form of a heart, and a bunch of baubles depending from his watch; in a word, he might very well have passed for a young nobleman, whose passions, gravitating towards the kennel and the stable, had just come to London for the *day*, on purpose to have the pleasure of riding home *to-morrow*; chiefly indeed for the supreme exploit of telling his acquaintances how many score of miles he can ride betwixt *sun-rise* and *sun-set*.

As

As Alicia seemed to pay some sort of respect to him, I inclined my head, at his entrance, rather nearer the earth than was necessary ; or indeed, to speak more properly, I was rather more *polite* than the established laws of subordination prescribe : for, having nothing about his dress that marked his real station (except a broad fringe of silver that surrounded the button of his hat, which I did not directly take notice of, the hat being then under his arm), he might as easily be mistaken for my lord *himself*, as my lord's *favourite jockey*. Mr. Benjamin was, however, I find my *lady's* gentleman ; and a smart, tight, taking lad he was, as ever came a volunteer into the honourable service. Which way do you intend to ramble, said Alicia, speaking

speaking to me, and *looking* at Benjamin ? Through the Park, miss, I answered—for no other reason, but because it was the only place I could venture to talk about, without danger of feeling her wit. Tell your uncle then, Ben—I believe indeed she might say *Mr. Ben*—tell your uncle he must go with my coz. through St. James's, *so then* up by Westminster-Abbey, and *so then* by the House of Lords, and *so then* home by Pall Mall ; you'll return by dinner, Benignus ? If possible said I—looking seriously at my watch—if possible, but pray don't let me wait ; you see it is *now*, one o'clock—so that I am afraid I can't promise—Why not, cried Alicia, why not, you have four hours good, and the deuce is in it, if you will not have had enough
for

for one day, long enough before then ? I had totally forgot again the new regulation of times and seasons ; albeit I made the best of my mistake : then you dine at five, cousin ? Soon *after* it, said she. Very well, I rejoined, then you may *depend* on me, and if Mr. Benjamin will go see for his uncle, I will set off di——

C H A P. LVIII.

Di—*rectly*, would have been pronounced, had not the two last syllables of that word, been cut off, by the appearance of Mr. Abrahams himself. This serious personage was altogether different, both in look
and

and dress, from his nephew Mr. Benjamin; being rather swarthy, than fair, and formal than spruce.—Now then, young sir, if you please, said he, not much in the tone of a domestic—now, let us *make hay, while the sun shines*,—with all my heart Mr. Abrahams, I replied, for we are something late. Better late than never, said the steward—miss Alicia your humble servant; Benjamin, I understand from my lady, thee art to follow us. Ben bowed, Alicia curtsied, Abrahams bent his neck, as if he hated compliment, (that is to *pay* it) and I, went scraping like a school-boy, out of the room.

And now it was that the expression of Mr. Greaves became forcibly exemplified; for, “curiosity indeed,
paid

paid the debt to surrounding splendour;" my eyes and heart were immediately taken captive, and led, not unwillingly, in the pleasing chains of inexhausted novelty. I walked amid the ambition of buildings, and the clatter of carriages, as if under enchantment; and at the entrance of the Mall (which was on that day, crowded with company), I did not think that the paradise of Mahomet could be more elegantly displayed: for here, beauty, wealth, and elegance, were on all sides exhibited, and what chiefly pleased me, was the appearance of *satisfaction* that crowned the whole. The dress and discourse of every party might be various, but *happiness*, seemed to be uniform: an ill tempered man would here have lost his errand, and
gone

gone home disappointed: the ladies were sprightly, and smiling; the gentlemen were affable, and gallant; youth and age appeared equally to be delighted, and my heart so sympathized and expanded, at the view of so many hundreds of my fellow-creatures social and agreeable, that I could not help catching Mr. Abrahams by the hand, and in the genuine effusions of transport, exclaiming, Heaven and earth! my dear sir, what a *joyful prospect*, is this! A *joyful prospect*, quoth the steward—Alack!—alack, sir!—much cry, and little wool, —all is not gold that glitters—*fronti nulla fides*.—Benjamin, an't that there fellow, who *laughs* so loud, along with the woman there, in a blue sack, the poor devil who came with a diamond

diamond ring for me to buy the other day—verily, I think it's he.—Yes sir, said Benjamin, 'tis he, sure enough—Why he looks the merriest of the whole groupe, said I.—That very scoundrel, replied Abrahams, is the most notorious *black-leggs* in town; he has ruined his whole family, and is twenty thousand pounds in debt. Mercy upon us! said Benjamin, lifting up his hands!—mercy upon us! Heigho! sighed I—who would think it? Ah! ha! cried Benjamin softly, yet with some emotion, there she is, by gingo!—Here he plucked me gently by the sleeve, asking me, in a whisper, if I took notice of a young woman on one of the benches, and if I did not think she was the *most handsomest* creature I had ever seen, since

since I had eyes in my head? The latter part of this question, was uttered rather warmly, so that before I had time to answer it, Abrahams turned about, and Benjamin (who all along kept awful distance) flunk behind. We now past by a person, whom Mr. Abrahams saluted very obsequiously, calling him *his honour*, inquiring after his family, and professing himself at parting, his *most obedient*, and *eternally devoted servant*. That must be a most respectable character thought I to myself; and I long to know him: Pray Mr. Abrahams, what worthy gentleman was that, you shook by the hand—A worthy gentleman, sir! replied Abrahams; as errant a *rascal* as any in the three kingdoms—burning the candle at both ends—
has

has got six sons—must come all to the parish—and is, at this very time, in treaty with an *honest man*, who has saved up a trifle by industry, to supply him with a cool thousand upon the *last* mortgage. And so then, (thought I) well-bred persons it seems, are the *most obedient and eternally devoted servants* of the *errantest rascal* in the three kingdoms; and to shew their politeness the more eminently, will even shake this *identical rascal* by the hand, with the same cordiality, that they would embrace a very honest fellow.

By this time we had got to the top of the Park, and having now had a view of the *gayer* parts of the town, I expressed a desire to walk rather into some of the streets of business, than into the gloom of Westminster-Abbey:

A wish which the steward gladly obeyed, observing that, *trade was the thing*, and that every other point upon earth was trash and flash, and flummery, and nonsense, and nothing at all. Benjamin seemed much to wish we would take another turn down the Mall, but perceiving his uncle against it, dared not hesitate; though I could plainly perceive the poor lad's heart was upon one of the benches.

Accordingly we plunged into the great scenes of business, and had no sooner got within Temple-bar, than the contrast became so visible, that the building appeared to be the boundary of a *different world*, inhabited by a different race of mortals. A step of dispatch, an eye of attention, and
a face

a face of care, distinguished almost all we *met*, from almost all we had *left*. If one neighbour met another, he took him hastily by the hand, nodded his head, and pressed eagerly forward: whereas, on the contrary, I observed parties in the Park, saunter indolently along, or form themselves into little societies, and sometimes hold a long conversation. *Here* also, the *beast*, seemed to share the impatience of the *man*; the very horses, as if animated by the general hurry, were either vigorously toiling in the car, or bounding along with the coach: even *death* was disregarded; and the hearses rolled beside us with all the sprightliness of bridal chariots; nay, I beheld a fellow running a-cross the way, with a *coffin* over his shoulder; and heard

him at the same time *curse* a scavenger, who obstructed his way.

Abrahams jogged on with the utmost indifference, except that now and then, he said, he wished Mrs. Darlington lived *in the city*, and that he thought Thames-street infinitely preferable to all the jumble of St. James's. At last he dispatched Benjamin with an errand, first asking my permission. The errand luckily happened to lie at Charing-cross; and Benjamin, either out of affection he bore his uncle, or some *other* person, ran forward as fast as his legs could carry him. I now took a peep into the *shops*, in every window of which was displayed a moderate fortune. Every thing that could give taste to attracting trifles, or decorations to
that

that which was actually necessary; all that could accommodate the *person* with convenience, with lustre, and with magnificence, lay open to the eye. The agreeable and glittering temptations were indeed so artfully *disposed*, and so skilfully had Invention varied her trinkets, that the passenger was irresistibly invited to lay out his money; and yet Abrahams, seldom turned his head, even to look at them. I was much captivated by the glass-case of a jeweller, when, stopping to look over the splendid toys which it contained, I asked the steward if he was not amazed to see so many pretty, shewy contrivances? Not at all amazed, answered he, sir, to *see* them, but very *much* amazed to think there are any people weak and ig-

noramus enough to buy them ; but, as I always said, a fool and his money is soon parted. There was a little box however, which particularly pleased me, and which I was resolved to purchase, in defiance of all the proverbs of Solomon or Abrahams ; I went into the shop, while Abrahams, stood grinning at the door, as much as to say, he did not like the business.

The trader was one of the neatest, best spoken, obliging beings that ever hopped round a counter ; his face was exceeding pale, and made still paler by the powder on his pate, which was rather flat than oval, but there was a gaiety in his eyes (even though they were grey), which compensated for something of deadness, in the rest of his
coun-

countenance. He drew out the glass adroitly, and gave me, with flippant affability, the history and intent of every bauble. I was really quite taken with the man's *politesse*; and though I had no sort of intention to buy more than the little box, yet he so clearly proved to me the indispensable necessity and use of several articles, of which I never before had an idea, or indeed knew that the world contained in it any such articles, that, in less than twenty minutes, this courteous jeweller absolutely talked me out of seven guineas and a half. I made purchase of a shining chain for my watch, which the trader protested was the most *delicate workmanship in the three kingdoms*—I bought two crystal seals, because

he very properly observed, that a *good chain* ought to have *handsome appendages*, in the same manner as a good house ought to have handsome furniture. I bought a silver tooth-pick case, because he said no gentleman was without one, and, besides, they looked *mighty pretty* in the hand after dinner: these, with my box, completed my marketings, with which I departed, and as I went out of the door, informed Mr. Abrahams (with somewhat of triumph in the tone of my voice) of my bargain, asking him at the same time, if he did not think I had them *a pennyworth*?

A pennyworth, sir!—cried the steward, (sneering up his upper-lip, till it touched the tip of his nose, and twitching up the waistband of his breeches

breeches with infinite disdain, though not so as to tear them) a pennyworth !
 —Every man knows his own business best—Some save, and some do *not* save—many reservoirs—many fountains—Don't you think them cheap then, said I?—The Lord knows, sir, answered Abrahams—What's cheap to one, may be dear to another, you know—Many men, many minds—But what do you think--rejoined I?—Think—replied the steward, raising his voice about four notes,—think—Why I think—but I don't nevertheless presume to judge for you—yet I say, I think I would look at the trumpery *once*, and my seven golden guineas seven and twenty thousand *thousand* times, before I would part with a brass *happeny* for all the things in the rascal's

shop; for not a thing there can I see that a reasonable man has any sort of occasion for. Why, I have lived in this same Londou, now fir, eight and forty years, and better than forty-eight,—have seen all the *catch - penny conundrums* that ever were invented to take people in, and yet I never laid out a crooked six-pence upon any of them; and, what's better still, I hope (with God's grace) I never shall; for, between you and I, fir, those shew-away fellows are mere pick-pockets, mere pick-pockets—rascals that live by *snatch* and *catch*: and will have one hand in your fob, as I may say, while t'other is squeezing you out a welcome—No fir—solid business—merchandize, brokerage, and such *fair and square* dealings, are the things for me.

The

The structure of St. Paul's now commanded my notice, and I looked at it as worthy the Deity to whom it was devoted; and the Apostle (said I to Abrahams) whose name it bears, might not blush to preach in it. It is a *vast piece of work*, to be sure, answered the steward, cautiously pulling out his watch, and regulating it by the dial, but I never was nearer it than I am now: I am pretty right I believe — If you choose to see the inside, I will attend you to the warder, and wait at the door till you return. And is it possible, said I, that you could be so many years in town, and let such an edifice as this escape you? Very possible, he replied, that I should *escape*, as you call it, this edifice, and every other of the like kind; for I never set my
 foot

foot within *a church* since I was born. No!—cried I, in astonishment. No, replied the steward, never, indeed. Doctors and doctrines differ you know, sir—In this town there are many religions—Many religions, Mr. Abrahams!—I mean, said Abrahams, many *ways* of being religious—But surely, the established protestant, said I!—Established fiddlestick, quoth Abrahams (prudently depositing his watch into his fob, as he heated in his argument)—what matters it whether I choose to perform my journey on horse-back, or on foot, by this road, or by that? So as I get to the inn at *last*, that's enough. What's that to you? under favour sir—What's that to you?—I'll tell you what, young gentleman, churches and chapels are all a

joke;

joke; a man may be as much in the way of working out his salvation as he walks along the streets, as if he was to wear out the knees of his breeches by prayer. Faith and good works—hope and charity. *Good works*, above all things, that's the point—that's the creed—that's little He—that's *salvation*, sir!—The drops of disputation began to start in his forehead, and he collected as much wind into his mouth as he possibly could, that he might cool his ferment with a whew—I looked at him without speaking,—because I really did not know what to say. He had not, indeed, yet done, for though the press of people began suddenly to be severe, this good man, in spite of sweat or squeezing, muttered forth several heavy sarcasms
 against

against *pulpits, parsons, churches, and chapels*; still insisting that *good works* alone, would save the soul. Though I did not extremely relish Mr. Abrahams' system, yet I honoured him for his principle, as to good works, and began to believe, that, however he might be mistaken, in some of his maxims, his *grand tenet* was right, and might possibly make him a benevolent member of society.

C H A P. LIV.

We had just disentangled ourselves from the croud, when the steward perceived he had lost one of his shoe-buckles : a discovery which produced much agitation, and a resolution (with my leave) to *hunt after it*, when the

the people were dispersed; by which means, says he, at least, I shall perhaps obtain *some part* of it. I represented to him the little likelihood of this. Sir, replied he, with a rueful tone and gesture, pointing to his foot—sir, don't you see that it is *silver*—Silver, sir, solid silver, as I hope to be saved! and thirteen years ago, the pair cost me nine shillings and six pence. I shan't be able to answer it to my conscience if I don't see after it; besides, I had rather spend a pound than lose a penny. Scripture for that: Whoever loseth one thing, having ninety-nine other things, doth he not seek diligently till he find it, yea, even at the charge of a candle? Very true, said I, Mr. Abrahams, I see you have so many strong arguments in your favour, that

we

we will wait till the coast is a little clear, and then, for conscience sake, I will assist you in the search. Mean time, sir, (said Abrahams, highly pleased with my condescension) suppose you were to amuse yourself in that bookfeller's shop (where you may look over all the books, such is the convenience of a lounging place, without laying out any thing) while I will keep my ground, and see that nobody stoops to take up my buckle, and so march off with *my property*—There are sharpers, sir, at every corner of this town; and unluckily, there is more *gape* about this cursed spot, with pictures on the one side, and a damned great lumbering building, (God forgive me!) on the other, than at any quarter of the whole city. He now stood,

stood, fixed as a rock, and vigilant as a lynx; while I, pursuing his advice, fauntered into the shop of a book-feller.

There are several places in this metropolis, (and indeed all over this kingdom,) particularly adapted to cherish idleness. A bookfeller's, a barber's, a chandler's, and a milliner's; and these, both in London and in the country, are immemorially famous for sheltering those people who have little *to do*, and an infinite deal to say. Hence we constantly find them filled and frequented by indolents of all denominations. Included in the catalogue, are half-pay officers, gentlemen who live, as they term it, on their means, gentlemen who live upon *ways*, without any *means* at all; ladies who set the

fashions, ladies who *follow* the fashions, and ladies who only love to *see* and *talk about* fashions, without any power to do more than hobble in the train, at an humble, imitative distance: these are peculiar to the connections of the milliner. The barber and the chandler, for the vulgar; and the bookseller, for the lazy, the learned, and the laborious.

There were several of this kind of customers in the shop when I went in, and two or three people *really* making purchases. Seeing business on foot, and a chair empty, I sat down, and ran my eye over a pamphlet that laid upon the counter. Pray Mr. Luton, said one of the customers, holding a book in his hand, does this *do any thing?* Why not much, sir, it

moves

moves but slowly. Aye, aye, *festina lente*, said the other—the fellow has a pretty knack at *novels*, I think. I don't much admire his *poetry*. Oh, execrable, replied Luton; he is a mere block-head at *verse*, though I ventured to give something for his *Miscellanies*. Did *they* do?—Very well for the pastry-cook, I believe, rejoined Luton—I sold them by the lump to the man yonder: he had the whole impression for seven and six pence,—yet, as they were upon the luscious order, and therefore likely to run through the libraries, I struck off a thousand: horridly taken in, to be sure; but it's all a lottery, all a lottery, sir.—Well, replied the customer, I'll take these Pope's, and when you get any thing *tolerable*, do let me know—Oh—pray, Mr. Luton,

how did your four volumes of *Moral Philosophy*, by Dabbleall, go off? He is a doer of all works, methinks, and the fellow has certainly a *turn*. Aye, cried Luton, that may be, but I have *turned* him *off*, for all that. He is dull, fir, devilish dull, dull as orthodoxy. I declare to you, his *Philosophy* has not yet paid advertisements:—I *told* him it was too much in the old style—God, God, God; nothing but *God* and *goodness*, and go to *church*, and go to *bed early*, through the whole—Says I to him, now pray, my dear Mr. Dabbleall, be a little *beterodox*, a little out of the way, now do; don't go off, in the old report, with a moral at your head, and a proverb at your a—e, I beseech you don't. You know, people sleep over these *migh y good sort of writings*.

writings. A touch of the Tabernacle, for Heaven's sake, my dear Dab.

Well, and what *said* he, cried the buyer, preparing to go out? *Said* he, rejoined Mr. Luton, sternly, why he said nothing. I might as well have endeavoured to drive an hackney beyond his house of call, as that mule of a fellow out of his track. No, sir, no: he wrote obstinately on, stringing together his damned collection of morals, into four volumes 8vo. and preachifying, till he *piously picked my pocket* of above a hundred and fifty guineas; besides the twenty, (here he caught the gentleman by the wrist,) I generally gave him for the copy before the first volume was worked off. But, heaven be praised, I have washed my hands of him, and so he and his

F 3 devotion

devotion may go to the devil together.—This is a strange town, cried the gentleman, that can neither be pleased with *religion*, or *bawdry*—Not at all, replied Luton, not at all, sir; it is the happy mixture of both together—a little of *both*, delicately dashed, that does the business. Here, here's a little fellow now (taking a book from a shelf behind him) here's a lad knows how to tickle up the town to a tittle: knows how to feel the pulse of the public to a nicety. Lookee, sir, pointing to the title-page, fifth edition, with additions, and *came out* only the beginning of the winter—every thing he writes runs like wildfire. He has such a way of *wrapping the thing up*—such a a—a—a, sir, method of mixing the honey

honey with the sting — such a — a
 knack at playing off the *passions*—Oh
 Lord, sir, he is a special journeyman,
 indeed; aye, and works reasonably—
 but I beg pardon, my customers I see
 are waiting;—Mr. Querist, your very
 humble servant, sir. Good morrow to
 you, said the gentleman, and went
 out. He now served other people,
 and they going away likewise, I was
 just rising from my chair to converse
 with Mr. Luton, when a tall, spare,
 figure came stalking into the shop,
 taking out of his bosom a large
 packet, and presenting it to the book-
 feller. There is volume the first, cried
 the spectre. In God's name, Mr. Le-
 muel, said Luton, (casting his eye at a
 chasm in his breeches, which I believe
 might originally have been whiteish,)

why do you come out in the day-time? You know the credit of me and my shop, and every body knows your trade in a twinkle. This was delivered in a sort of half-whisper, articulating as it were grinningly, through the teeth. Sir, said the author (for such he was) I was driven into this step, by a precipitate and particular necessity; for my landlord begins to mention the *subject* of arrears and rent to me, and therefore you will advance me the price of *this* — laying his fable palm upon the parcel — directly, because the remarks of mine host are not only pathetic, but have therewith a tincture of the terrible. What before the *proofs* are corrected, cried Luton? That's out of the regular channel, you know, Mr. Lemuel;

muel ; but, as a matter of indulgence, and in consideration of that aperture in your breeches, I will come down half a guinea, and trust to your honour to go on with the same care, as if you had not received a farthing. Men of letters *ought* to be sometimes encouraged ; and as I really believe you have a little out-run the constable in the purchase of that last pair of shoes, I can't refuse you : there, sir. He told out ten shillings and six pence, from a purse which appeared to contain about sixty pounds, and the petitioner (after having given a written acknowledgment for the sum) took it up, made his bow, and walked away, without any disagreeable sentiment whatever. He was scarce gone, when another person, in a full trimmed
suit

suit of black velvet, came strutting into the shop, with a look, tread, and tone of great authority. Luton, said he, you must let me have three hundred to-morrow: the History will make eight quarto volumes, and I will not take six pence less than 150l. each. Really, sir, said Luton, you put me to a *nonplus*, I am quite out of cash—have a *large sum to make up* for my printer against the beginning of the week—I wish therefore——A fig for your wishes, sir, replied the demandant, (elevating his head, and expanding his chest,) shall I have the money?—What time will you call in the city, sir, answered Luton, sneakingly—*I call in the city, Mr. Luton*—What do you mean by that? A conflagration consume the city.—Who's

to run after you, hey? I have a house I suppose, yes, and in a Square, and I presume you know too, that there is a certain brazen intelligencer upon the door, and I expect you by eleven o'clock. I say no more,—but I expect, d—m—e I expect you! So saying, he turned upon his heel, threw his body of literature into a carriage, which was waiting for him at the door, and left Luton to meditate upon the three hundred pounds.

I now rose a second time, and desired to see the Magazines for the month: while I was turning over these, Abrahams came in, begging me ten thousand pardons, and most bitterly complaining that he had been groping almost upon his hands and knees this hour, to no manner of purpose,

pose, for he could see no signs of his property; and that, hard as it was, he must e'en put up with the loss; and was ready to attend me to dinner. I proposed going back in a coach, to which Mr. Abrahams, confessing himself heartily tired (and knowing possibly that there would be no great matter for *him* to pay) readily consented. I purchased a pamphlet, a coach was called, and we set off for Mrs. Darlington's.

C H A P. LV.

About the middle of Fleet-street, Abrahams happened to cast his eye upon the shop of a silversmith; and
this

this bringing strongly to mind the misfortune of his buckle, he cried out with some emotion, what a pretty morning's work have I made of it, indeed; yes, yes, fine misfortunes, indeed—a buckle too, that I have had so long, and a buckle of silver into the bargain, and a buckle that might have been in the shoe of my Benjamin, when I am laid low in my grave!—Stop coachman, stop, said I, set us down here a minute. I took the unhappy steward by the hand, and walked with him into the shop. If I thought I could match it now, said Abrahams, as he passed towards the door, I would certainly be extravagant for once; though I believe I have a pair of respectable metal buckles in the house too: he could, however, find no fellow

low

low to that which was on his foot; and truly, its fellow would not very easily have been found in any shop within the liberties of London: for, besides that it was in fashion thirteen years ago, it was so excessively small and thin, with the wear and tear of so many hard winters, that I apprehend a silver groat would have turned the scale, and fairly out-valued it.

Not being able, therefore, to provide a companion for the old one, he thought of *bartering* with it for a second hand pair; and to this purpose he unbuckled, laid the solitary servant upon the counter, and desired to know what it was worth, or rather, what he could allow him in the exchange, should he choose to become a purchaser. As much as any body
in

in the business, fir, said the silversmith, and while I determine its value, perhaps, if you look over the drawer on the other side, you may suit yourself; and depend upon it, you are come *to the cheapest shop in town*. We examined a variety of shewy goods, to all of which Mr. Abrahams, the steward, had but *one* objection, viz. that he was morally sure the fellow would ask three times more than, as an honest man, he ought; for, fir, says he, drawing up his jaws significantly, there is no guessing at the value of a buckle, while these heavy tongs and anchors are in them. Meantime the silversmith was employed, at the opposite counter, in weighing the old buckle, which he presently informed

us came to seventeen pence halfpenny. Seventeen pence halfpenny! cried the steward, (turning short about, and twitching the fore-top of his wig;) why man, the pair cost me nine shillings and six pence, and they are as good as new. There is a great difference betwixt buying and selling, you know sir, observed the trader, and there is nobody *now* will put such a thing as this (turning the anchor backwards and forwards) upon the foot. Won't they? Why not pray, said Abrahams, while the colour came flushing over his cheek-bone—Why not, hey? It don't signify disputing, sir, about such a trifle, of which I have offered you the full value, rejoined the trader; and if you have a mind to take the money, there it is:

if

if not you are welcome to the trouble you have given me, and your buckle into the bargain. I am, *am* I! What, after you have bruis'd the anchors all to pieces, hey? replied Abrahams. I thank you for your love, but I am a man that knows the world; an odd old bird, that knows wheat from chaff. I'll have my buckle, exactly as I gave it you, sir. What a devil business had you to mangle my property in this manner—in this way? He ran on for several minutes, and at last ask'd, in a growling voice, what would be the lowest price of the pair hanging over the window? Why, said the silversmith, they are only plated, were made many ages ago, and being old style, will come cheap. *Plated*, sneer'd Abrahams with ineffable contempt;

VOL. III.

G

then,

then, I suppose, instead of seventeen, you would not give me seven pence, if I should choose to dispose of them a twelvemonth hence? No, nor seven farthings neither, said the tradesman, returning his sneer. Thou art a very faucy fellow, rejoin'd the steward, and I would go with my shoe-straps about my heels to eternity, before I would buy a pair of thee. As you please, sir, said the smith; and, to tell you the truth, I don't care how few of such customers I have to my back. Abrahams was huddling up his broken silver (not forgetting the iron thereunto belonging), and was bustling away in high dudgeon, when I begg'd him to stop a moment. No, sir, answer'd he; no, sir, I will wait for you in the coach, but I will not stay another
second

second in this shop, for all the *fur-bish'd up stuff* it contains: so saying, he went out grumbling and grinning in a most violent manner.

I now rewarded the pains of the silversmith, by purchasing a pair of neat and new silver buckles, received his thanks, with my goods, nicely wrapped up in a piece of paper, and went forthwith to the coach. I had not got my foot upon the step, before I heard Abrahams severely chiding a woman who had been sweeping the crossway with a besom, for having the impudence to desire alms, when she had so good a trade in her hands; and when I do not doubt, said he, but you have extorted more money from passengers this very morning,

G 2

than

than would make good the loss of the silver buckle which I lost in St. Paul's Church-Yard. Indeed, sir, cried the woman, I have not taken but one halfpenny to day, though half a thousand folks have *gone over my crossing* without dusting their shoes, and that one was flirted at me by a young man who wanted to see if he could not hit the old woman on the head, by sending a halfpenny as he would play at taw, and so, wantonly—God blefs him—jerkt it at me from his finger and thumb, in this manner; and after all, sir, lookee, it is but a *Brum*. Do, therefore, dear, good sir, for charity's sake. —Charity, my b—k—de, said Abrahams, pr'ythee woman don't be troublesome, go civilly away, for I won't give thee a *sous*. Coachman, drive

drive on; saying this, he drew up disdainfully one of the glasses. The poor woman really looks faint, and, I think, Mr. Abrahams, said I, we should so far oblige her, as to throw her a little copper; and then, letting down the glass, I gave her two-pence. —As you like, exclaimed old Good Works, as you like: *I have lost enough, sir, for one morning already.* The coach now proceeded; and Abrahams sat sullenly swelling in one corner, leaning his arm against the left pannel, chagrin'd much at the buckle, but more, at what he call'd the fauciness of the *seller* of buckles. When I had seen Mr. Abrahams exhibit his temper thus far, I was resolv'd, if possible, to bring him about a little, before I resign'd him over to melancholy reflections

tions in his counting-house: and, in this manner, I began to administer a salve for all his sores. Mr. Abrahams, I think myself much obliged to you for your company in my rambles of the morning; but I cannot without concern reflect, that in procuring me this pleasure, it has been productive of *your* inconvenience; and, as it has so fallen out, I must in some degree insist upon repairing it. The word *repairing*, like sudden sunshine in stormy weather, work'd wonders upon the features of Abrahams, which, from the gloom of wrathful wrinkles, became soften'd into the most smiling symptoms of complacence; and when I put the paper which contain'd the buckles into his hand (re-insisting upon his acceptance as a *debt* due to him

for

for his *civility*), he only affected to refuse, that I might press them the more eagerly upon him, and so give him a better opportunity to receive them, without exciting in my breast any sentiment to his disadvantage; for Mr. Abrahams was a great observer of forms; and, although he was at the bottom as selfish a mortal as could possibly exist, yet he took great care, in general, to save appearances, and without, in reality, ever doing a single praise-worthy action, was generally talk'd of as a very *religious, knowing, well-meaning, good kind* of a man. He took the buckles, and so well contriv'd it, as to fix the obligation on my side; for, as he put them into his pocket, he very gravely assured me, that rather than *affront* me by a

denial, such was his *regard*, he would wear the buckles, even though they came from the shop of the most scoundrelly silversmith in the city of London.

Thus was good-humour restor'd to the steward, who chuckled and chattered all the rest of the way; and when we arrived at Mrs. Darlington's, he jumped out of the coach with the briskness of a boy, and handed me obsequiously into the hall.—We had forgot to pay the coachman, and I saw the steward in a dilemma—he fumbled in his pockets some time, then producing a guinea, ask'd, with a trembling voice, for change, though I could plainly see how much his avarice was alarmed lest the driver should happen to have so much silver about him.

him. I relieved his distress, by satisfying the fare, while the good man was making many excuses for giving me so much trouble, and lamenting his want of loose silver, which, he protested, for the future, he would always carry in his pocket.

C H A P. LVI.

The dinner was serving up as I entered the dining-parlour, where I was no sooner seated, than I related the adventures of the morning, concealing only the present of the buckles. The ladies were highly entertained by the narrative, and Miss Alicia was particularly smart in her remarks,
till

till I came to animadvert on the behaviour of Benjamin. This intelligence, I confess, was reserv'd as a *coup de grace*, because (shrewdly suspecting the state of the young lady's mind, and willing to gratify a piece of pleasant revenge), I was resolv'd to see what effect the relation of this incident would have upon the constitution of this lively lass, who had taken much delight in playing upon my inexperience ever since I came into the house. I had no sooner, therefore, mentioned Benjamin's warm encomium of the young woman on the bench; adding, likewise, in a jocular manner, that I presum'd Mr. Benjamin had *his favourites*; than the face and neck of Alicia were cover'd with an unusual suffusion of crimson, which,

in

in the next moment disappearing, left her as pale and languid as a lily. She cut the slices upon her plate over and over again, till in the end they were small enough for the mouth of a sparrow; and yet, after all, she had neither inclination or intention to eat. Mrs. Darlington, who, though a well-bred woman, was not a very accurate observer, took no notice of these changes in her niece, whose distress soon became so evident, that she was obliged to rise from table, and counterfeited a terrible head-ach, for a disquietude, which, in fact, sat much nearer to the heart.

I now pitied her most sincerely, and execrated myself for the unnecessary mischief I had occasioned. Vile propensity, said I,—pitiful passion this,
—that

that leads us to repay every petty offence in kind ! How could I ever persuade myself to stoop so low as to recriminate ? and, because I smarted beneath a momentary fally of wit, I must needs take advantage of a bare conjecture, and pursue my purpose, till I wrung the tender confession from the heart ; and that, the heart of a *woman*, and that woman a *relation*. Oh fie upon it, fie upon it ! I *feel* myself blush !

When poor Alicia arose, Mrs. Darlington arose with her, appearing sensibly to feel her anxiety, and so they went sighing up stairs together. I was now, therefore, left alone to the enjoyment of my reflections ; and these soon brought on, soliloquy the second. Why, friend Benignus, this is a brave
setting

setting out! A noble exploit truly!—
 Thou hast spoilt a very excellent dinner, and sent the founders of the feast weeping away. The banquet is thy own: pr'ythee then fall too, enjoy it, and complete thy triumphs, by rioting in the hospitality which thou hast thus gratefully rewarded! The whole matter too, may possibly, be a weak surmise. How then have I had the assurance to make the story out my own way?

Mrs. Darlington now returned, observing that her niece had desired to be left alone a little, and politely made her apologies for leaving me so abruptly. All this was poison to my wound. I was fully conscious of the little trick I had played. The pang of reproach struck my heart, and the
 tear

tear of contrition was swimming
 round my eye. I declined eating, on
 pretence of fatigue, and Mrs. Dar-
 lington swallow'd a spoonful of soup,
 and withdrew again to her Alicia. I
 spent the interval betwixt this meal
 and tea, in a sense of real agony, aris-
 ing from the conviction of real mean-
 ness and error. My feelings were, as
 yet, unblunted by habitual trespasses;
 and, as my greatest joy arose from
 the contemplation of having contri-
 buted something to the *happiness* of
 others; so my greatest anxiety arose
 from an idea of having promoted
 their *misery*. Yet, in the present case,
 no way was left open for me to rectify
 my mistake, or to soften the uneasi-
 ness which my blunder had brought
 about; for all explanations would
 have

have betrayed that I guessed at Alicia's disorder; and I could not so much as hope admittance to her apartment, had explanation been adviseable. At tea, however, the young lady made her appearance, led tenderly into the room by her aunt, and I was glad to see her attempting to resume her former spirits; of which, in the general, she had, as the reader may possibly recollect, an abundant share. But, right-well sung the Bard, who first observed, that misfortunes "love to cluster," and seldom or never come singly. Indeed, *one* is commonly the ill-favour'd messenger of *another*, and that of a *third*, and *so on* to the end of the last dreadful chapter of human accidents. This was a day of disasters to poor Alicia. Mrs. Darlington had
just

just pour'd out the first cup of tea, and was affectionately pressing her niece to drink it, when a violent noise was heard in the hall, and a confus'd cry of several voices, as if deploring a misfortune. Presently afterwards a servant came into the parlour, and with him Mr. Abrahams, acquainting the ladies, that Benjamin, who had been missing at dinner, was now come in all over blood and bruises, and that the servants were carrying him up to bed speechless.

Blood was no sooner pronounced than the tea-cup fell from the hand of Alicia to the ground; on which, in the same moment, she sunk down herself. This Mrs. Darlington imputed to the effects of a sudden surprize seizing her so soon after her late agitation; while

while I was, perhaps, the only one present who attributed it to the true cause: every method was used to recover her, but the violence of the fits into which she now fell, resisted our utmost endeavours, and she was a second time conveyed to her chamber, in a much more alarming condition than before. Mr. Abrahams and I now went up to Benjamin, to see if he was yet able to unfold the occasion of this mystery; when Abrahams, ere he had well opened the door, and consequently before he knew whether his nephew was dead or alive, began to harangue as follows.

What is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh! You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear! Pray, sir, in God's holy name,

VOL. III.

II

what

what a devil have you been about? Where is the money I sent you for? What made you stay so long? What right had you to stay at all? How the p—x came all that blood upon your cloaths? How came you to dizen yourself out in your green, to-day? What's the reason, you rascal, I'm to be thus plagued upon your account? And why don't you get you home to your father and mother, who are starving, you know, upon five and six pence a week?

These questions were all thundered upon the poor lad at once, and, in the uttering them, such was the rage of the steward, that he not only committed the extravagance of striking a pen, which he had then in his hand, against the table, but smote that
table

table likewise, with so furious a fist (in contradiction of his usual prudence,) that the lid, split in twain, and a small splinter, from the ruins of the mahogany, lodged itself deep within the palm of his hand, till he roared again with misery. This so increased his resentment, both against the table and Benjamin, that the former he belaboured stoutly with his legs; and, though he could not make it *feel*, he at least made it sorely complain, which was no doubt a satisfaction; and the latter, he violently threatened to horsewhip, if ever he should have the *misfortune* to rise again from his bed: so saying, he ran out, protesting all the way down stairs, that he would not leave him a groat, die when he would.

C H A P. LVII.

All this time lay the agonized Benjamin, resigned as a lamb, under the knife of the butcher; and when the servants had washed him, and, at my desire departed, I sat by his bed-side, and gently solicited to learn the cause of this strange disaster.

Sir, said the poor lad—almost breaking his heart as he spoke—my friend has been insulted, and so I have been fighting, that's all. I begged him to take time, and tell me the whole; promising to be his friend with his uncle and mistress, when I knew how to make his apology. His tears thanked me, and he proceeded thus.

You remember, sir, how I bid you take notice of a young girl, sitting alone on one of the Park benches (she is not a bad girl, I can assure you, though she was sitting by herself.) As soon as my uncle sent me to Charing-Cross to receive fifteen shillings, I went and received it as fast as I could, and ran away to the Park, where I left Nancy. I found her with a handkerchief up to her eyes—(the sweetest eyes in the world, sir,—) so I pulled away the handkerchief gently, and taking her under my arm, walked away with her into the Bird-cage Walk; that I might talk to her without being disturbed. Nancy, said I, I charge you speak your mind to me: what brought you into the Park alone? Nothing, said she, Mr.

Benjamin, pray leave me. Where is your father, Nancy, said I, and why don't you go home?—*Home!* replied Nancy, (sobbing as if her dear heart was beating itself through her stays)—*Home*, Benjamin, I have *no* home, nor no father—nor any thing else! I thought, sir, I should have dropped down dead on the spot, but I fell on poor Nancy's neck, and there I lay, she almost ready to kiss me (without *knowing* it though, I'm sure!) As soon as I got a little better, sir, I——

Here Mrs. Darlington herself came to the door, requesting to know whether Benjamin was better; said that his *young* mistress also wished to hear a favourable account, and desired him not to fret so as to increase his disorder, but, as he was a very
quiet,

quiet, peaceable lad in general, to expect no reproaches from her—(Mrs. Darlington)—but total forgiveness. Mrs. Darlington understood from me that he was better, and withdrew. The poor fellow's heart was so softened by this indulgence, and so affected by the other circumstances which were lying heavily upon it, that he could not return his acknowledgments. Soon after Mrs. Darlington was gone, however, he thus resumed the story of his adventure with Nancy, whose misfortunes seemed to engross infinitely more of his attention than even the threats of his uncle, the kindness of his mistress, or, indeed, any thing else.

In truth, this Benjamin was a most excellent disposed young man, his

understanding was not much above his rank, but his *heart* would have been distinguished, had Providence thought proper to have placed it in the breast of a prince; for it led him to do a thousand noble actions, with small opportunities; and, with an income of about a shilling per week, to render more *real* service to society, than Mr. Abrahams, his uncle, with an income of about eight hundred a year; for such was the annual fortune attributed to the steward, who had amassed together all that possession, merely by a strict adherence to one single maxim, which, I have been told, he never once violated, or infringed, in the course of forty years, namely, to consider a *farthing*, as some part of a *guinea*, and a *guinea*, as the nine hundred.

dred and ninety-ninth division of a *thousand*, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Benjamin, on the contrary, thought a farthing too trifling to save, and too insignificant to bestow; but, if, by adding thereto the odd eleven pence three farthings, he could divest himself of his seven days allowance, and, in so doing, dry up *one tear*, or remove *one sigh*, procure one cordial to the *sick*, or one meal to the *hungry*, away it went, as fast as he could get it from his pocket, without even turning it over a second time; without considering, indeed, that it would produce *twenty-four pieces of copper*, and, that twenty four pieces of copper would gratify several moderate passions. But it seems, the boy had a *pleasure* in this sort of dis-

tri-

tribution, and, perhaps, had, in this respect, the *advantage of his uncle.*

C H A P. LVIII.

As soon as I got a little better, I say, sir,—resumed Benjamin, I looked Nancy in the face, and intreated her to explain what she meant by having neither house nor father; and then the poor thing spoke to me thus:

Oh, Benjamin, I am turned out of doors, and lay in the street all last night, and have not broke my fast since yesterday morning, and all for a misfortune, which, as I hope to be saved, I could not help—What han't you eat Nancy? and did you want a bed? I charge you don't talk now, but come along with me, and lean
all

all your weight upon my arm. So I led her, fir, in this manner, to a public-house, and got her some refreshment, and would not hear a word she had to say, till she had forced down a morsel of bread and a glass of wine—though I could not get her to take it, without water, for she is no drinker, I'll assure you. This over, she informed me that her distress was *as thus*.

She was sent out yesterday morning to the baker's, over the way, to get change for half a guinea, but not being able to get it there, seeing as how they had not so much silver in the house, she went to several other neighbours shops, and at last to the chandler's; and there she met with a man, who offered to go to his brother's, as he called him,

at

at the Black - Lion, and change it.

As she supposed the man was as honest as herself, (and I'm sure she is as honest as Heaven—) she gave him the half guinea, and sat down in the shop to wait his return. After he was gone, the chandler said, Nancy, do you know that man, child? No, replied the poor thing, trembling, but *you do* I hope? Not I, truly, said the chandler, he only came into the shop for a farthing's worth of cotton, to put in an inkhorn, and I never saw him in my life before: here poor Nancy's mind misgave her, and not without reason, for she waited, and waited, for above two hours, and no man came: so that she was afraid to go back to her father's, because she
had

had staid so long, and met such a sad misfortune ; and accordingly she continued in the chandler's shop, expecting, and expecting, till quite dark night !—But why did not the *chandler* assist her in this emergence, said I,—he very well knew her honesty, and surely where the poor creature had so much at stake, and the sum so mere a trifle !—*He* lend her, *he* assist her, sir, replied Benjamin ; not he, truly ; though as to her honesty he had often seen instances of that, and moreover her father had been a customer, and bought all his chandlery there, for many, many years. No, sir, about eleven o'clock he said to Nancy, Well, child, there is no chance of the man's coming now. It's getting late, and I have a *dipping* in the morning,

ing, so I would advise you to go home to your father's. Nay, don't cry, mayhap things mayn't be so bad as you think for: Mr. Dennis is a good tempered man, and I dare say he won't hurt you: but let me as a friend advise you never to trust people you don't know with money, for the future. To tell you the truth, I did not much like the look of that chap, when he came into the shop. Why did not you tell me so, said Nancy, Mr. Suet? Why, it's hard judging, you know, said the chandler, but I thought I saw Tyburn in his face, and now I am convinced, ere long, I shall see his *face* at Tyburn.

Here, Nancy says, Mr. Suet set up a laugh, which so provoked her, that she left his shop without saying a word:

word: but I should tell you, before she got far, Suet hallowed at the door after her, and said that if her father ill treated her to-night, she might depend on his coming to make her peace to morrow; and that if the man brought the money, he would take care of it. Poor Nancy, now, sir—but I am afraid I am tiring you—I beg pardon for troubling you with my concerns, and—I desire, answered I, I desire, Benjamin, you will not stop a moment, to make apologies; for I long to know the fate of Nancy Dennis. Well then, sir, rejoined the steward's nephew, wiping his eyes, which had been all the time streaming—since you are so good, I will go on. He proceeded, raising himself on his arm.

C H A P.

C H A P. LIX.

Poor Nanny, fir, now wandered weeping about the streets, till she came to her father's. But though she saw a light in the window, and yet (as you know it rain'd pretty smartly all night) she had not heart to go in. She put her hand on the knocker, and then took it away,—first walked forwards, then backwards, till at last she heard somebody behind her, and soon found it was Mr. Dennis himself, who had been it seems out to look for her, and having the key of the door in his hand, he struck her in his passion, swore she should never
come

come into the house again, and was going into it himself. Just as he had unlocked the street-door, he asked her for the money, saying he supposed she had spent it,—with a great oath; and when she told him the truth, he damned her in a terrible manner, banged to the door, and left her to go where she might. She sat all night crying upon the threshold, till at last a watchman, who knew her, took pity on her, put her to bed to *his* wife, and then went again to his business. In the morning she went home a second time; but when her father opened the shutters, and the poor thing asked him, if she should have the pleasure of making the fire, and getting his breakfast, as usual, he ordered her to get away from the door,

or else he would send a constable to her.

The next thing she did, was to find me out, for you must know, sir, we have—a—a—a *friendship* for one another:—but as she knew what a jealous creature my uncle is, she was too good to come near my mistress's house; because, I once invited her there, to drink tea with Mrs. Goodly the house-keeper, and I thought I never should hear the last of it. But lord, sir, what a heap of contrivances distress puts into our heads! especially when a young man and a young woman has a—a—a—*friendship* for one another, said I, Mr. Benjamin, looking at him slyly? Very true, sir, answered Ben, very true—*friendship*, if it is of the right, honest sort — *friendship* — heigho!

heigho! *Friendship*, I say, fir, will do any thing!

Nancy now recollected that the likeliest way to see me, would be to go to the Park, where she knew I generally walked every morning, with one of my mistresses—(I mean, *behind them*, fir) Well, fir, to the Park she went, and there sat herself down, (after having wearied herself with walking) upon the little white seat where we saw her. Perhaps you might think it odd she did not speak to me, as soon as I came near her: but seeing who was with me, she would have died first, for she's a prudent girl, and has had the best of educations. Besides, she knew I was flurried enough at meeting her there, and would contrive to see her as soon

as possible. Indeed, nothing run in my head, after I had passed her, but how I should get away from my uncle, who is as cunning, as cunning; and though I had great pleasure in attending you, sir, yet as—as—my—friend looked to be in some distress—I thought it—my—my duty to see if any thing could be done for her. I almost made my head ach in hunting about for excuses, for indeed so many came to mind at once, that they quite *flabergasted* me; but at length my uncle you know, sir, sent me away himself to receive some money, which was only a *month's* interest of a few pounds, and was fifteen shillings, as I told you. As soon as Nancy had finished her story, and I made her drink half a glass more of the wine

and water, she threw her hand upon my shoulder, and asked me what she was to do! And there was such a—a something, in her manner of look, and in her manner of speaking, that I was all over in a tremble, from head to foot. Aye—aye, said I, Benjamin—friendship—friendship——She said, that she never dare to go home again without the money, and she had only two new six pences, and a silver penny, and a little copper keep-fake, in the world, and even *they* were locked up in her trunk, at the bottom of all her things: with this, sir, I put my hand in my pocket, and took out the fifteen shillings, and told out ten and six pence on the table, and was just going to put it into Nancy's hand, when something struck

me to the heart, as much as to tell me I was going to do a bad thing: upon which I drew away my hand, and took up the silver again: then feeling, sir, in my other pocket, I took out a spank span new half-crown piece, which young mistress gave me, and was only sorry that I had no more: at last I took out my uncle's money, and told it over again, that is, eight and six pence: but sure something bewitched me, for I quite trembled as I laid it down, and so at last told Nancy the whole affair.

You must know, sir, she did not much like the money *at all*,—tho', between friends, what is it?—But when she understood it belonged to my uncle Abrahams, she turned as pale as her apron, and cried out, Lord
of

of Heaven, Mr. Benjamin, what are you about ! I would not touch it for all the world ! Put it up—put it up, if you han't a mind to frighten me out of my wits, and make me hate you for ever ! I was glad, fir, in the main, to find my dear *love*—I mean, fir—a—a—my—my—to find,—my dear *friend* so honourable and just; and, as if Providence designed she should be rewarded for it, a thought came into my head, which was a thousand times better, because it was not to make us ashamed of ourselves; and it's a shocking thing, you know, fir, to be ashamed of oneself. Well, fir—I bethought me of raising the money, by going to the pawn-broker man, where Slash, our coachman, who is a terrible sot, many a time used to go,

with first one thing, and then another: so I said nothing to Nancy, but desired her to sit still, till I came back, which should be in a few minutes. She seemed uneasy to let me go, but at last consented; and as I was going into a little bye alley, to take off my waistcoat, and something else, who should come that way, but Mr. Mendman, my uncle's taylor, who always loved me, from a boy, and always said, I one day should be rich.—As sure as you live, this generous soul lent me a whole guinea, without my telling him a word about Nancy; and away I ran, scarce touching the ground, and not giving myself time to put on the things I had taken off, and hardly buttoning my coat. At first, Nancy was quite
frighted—

frighted—then blushed—for to tell you the truth, (here he whispered,) my shirt was one of the things—as I dare not pledge any thing in *sight*, for fear my uncle should see me before I could get up stairs into my room.—But I went out again, and put my things on, and soon cleared up the whole matter.

We then went home together, and there I found old Mr. Dennis crying, and taking on, like a child: as soon as he saw us, instead of rising to scold Nancy, he ran to her, fastened on her neck, kissed her, and shed tears: for his passion was now all over, and his love for his poor dear Nancy returned at once.

But not to trouble you with any more of this part of the story, I shall
only

only say, that I left the old man hugging his daughter, and, I don't know why, but methought I could have hugged them *both*! However, Nancy sighing—because she was quite weary, and her spirits gone, thanked me, with a tear in her eye, and I went out of the house, hardly knowing what I had done, or where I was going.

C H A P. XL.

I had got almost home, sometimes whistling, sometimes singing, and sometimes jumping for joy, before I recollected that I had still the money in my pocket; and that perhaps old Dennis (though he might pass over the

the loss while he was warm, might talk about it when he was cool, would be cruel again, as he loved money. So, I e'en ran back to the house, and found the old man quite busied in laying the cloth, warming a little can of beer, and pressing Nancy to eat, with a great deal of kindness. I soon found he had never once mentioned the half guinea, and so laid down the ten shillings and six pence, telling Nancy that it was a great chance we *met the fellow*, and that it was well she knew him again. God forgive me, sir, for I made a fine story of it!

Mr. Dennis's heart, however, was open, and he insisted on my sitting down, and drink a draught of his own brewing; for, indeed, he *belonged* to

to a brew-house. So, as I was to drink my Nancy's health, I sat down; and, some how or other, got into singing songs, till at last Mr. Dennis's ale got into my head, and made me forget—(as you know one's time slips away in agreeable company)—that I had staid already so long from my uncle. I therefore caught up my hat and stick, when I heard the clock strike six; and, in a great hurry, set forward for Mrs. Darlington's.

Unluckily, however, sir, I happened to pass by the door of Mr. Suet, the chandler, and as I was angry with him for his flight to Nancy, I called upon him, to tell him a little piece of my mind. Mr. Suet, said I, you are a good-natured man, and I come to thank you for your kindness to poor
Nancy

Nancy Dennis last night. Nancy Dennis be d——d, said Suet, who was a passionate fellow, and one of your great fighters into the bargain—What's Nancy Dennis to me?—She kept me and my family up all night; but you are her *favourite*, I forgot that—It's a pity you did not see her, when she was turned out by her father, who has been making a fine piece of work here, truly, because, forsooth, I let her give the fellow that came into the shop a half guinea to change. What had I to do with her half guinea? A little silly pufs, I wish I had never seen her face; for I shall lose a good customer by her—a foolish minx; I can't think how Dennis could trust her with any money. My blood boiled at him, sir,
all

all the time he spoke, and when he called the poor girl those names, I lost all patience, and so, without more ado, I laid my switch over his shoulders; upon which we both of us went to it, and fought, till some neighbours took Suet away, and locked him up, and so parted us: but I would fight for a friend, to the last drop of my blood, sir,—nay, for that matter, I have lost a good deal of that already; but I have had my revenge on that hard-hearted rascal, Suet, and so I don't mind my black eyes, or bloody cloaths, of a farthing. And now, sir, you know the whole story, and I hope you can't blame me, seeing as how I did it to serve a woman.

Blame

Blame you, said I, Benjamin—no, my good lad, I admire thy spirit, and honour thee for thy sentiments; and, indeed, I approve your conduct so much, through every part of your adventure, that I will go this instant and make peace betwixt you and Mr. Abrahams. You are very kind, sir, says Benjamin, but if you please you may as well not say any thing about Nancy, for you know old people think such strange things, and have such odd notions about friendship, that perhaps he might take it into his head to—I understand you, Ben, said I, and I will bring you off without once mentioning your friend, Nancy, depend on it.—I now went down stairs to see after my sick cousin, whom, indeed, I had too long left,

left, without making a small breach in good manners. But as it happened, she continued in her room, and her aunt with her, till supper was almost ready, and the ladies were but just got into the parlour before me.

I had scarce opened the door, when both ladies began their inquiries after Benjamin, and I believe miss Alicia obliged me with ten questions—so little art, and so much nature had she—before it was possible I should return her one answer. Resolved, however, to make no more disturbances, I now took a contrary method, and said every thing that I thought might please the young one, without betraying what I thought was apparent enough to the old one; and if I mistake not, this was the first
time

time I convinced myself how necessary it is for a person, who would live upon any peaceable terms with society, to give into many petty deceptions, where the plain truth would infallibly create confusion and disquietude: and this sort of duplicity, is, I presume, what the Latins call, a pious fraud. Yet something there was in my nature utterly repugnant to this, nor could the best of motives ever reconcile it to my heart.

Nevertheless, this *embellishment* of the truth had a great effect in soothing the something that sat heavy on the bosom of Alicia; for, after I had told her that Mr. Benjamin had accidentally met an old friend, with whom he was tempted to drink a little freely, and afterwards got into a boyish dispute, of which

the worst consequence was likely to be only a bloody suit of cloaths, she gave his misfortunes a mixture of smiles and tears, the latter of which, however, she kept from falling, and at last she grew so pleasant, without seeming to lodge too much on the subject, that she actually told Mrs. Darlington she found herself so much recovered, that she should be able to eat a whole wing of a chicken. This declaration, on the other hand, set *Mrs. Darlington's* heart at rest, who most affectionately loved her niece, and supper was now ordered without delay. Willing to do, notwithstanding, as much as I could in this affair, I slipped out of the parlour to seek Mr. Abrahams, whom I found in the steward's office, with his spectacles on
his

his nose, very industriously employed in examining a large book, like a tradesman's ledger, in which he was perhaps — (this being Saturday) — casting up and adjusting the accounts of the week. Something—probably a reflection upon the buckles,—had put him in high good humour, and he considered the interest I took in his nephew's conciliation in such good part, that he left his business on purpose to mount the stairs, and assure me that he forgave Ben, and then shook him heartily by the hand in my presence. I should not, however, forget that Mr. Abrahams just hinted at the prospect of sending the bloody cloaths with success to the scowlers. Thus happiness being restored to the whole family, the rest of the evening was

passed in general satisfaction, and I withdrew to my chamber, not a little instructed, nor a little pleased, at having been in some degree an instrument in bringing about the agreeable catastrophe of the evening.

C H A P. XLI.

The next morning dawned upon the unanimity of Mrs. Darlington's family. Alicia retained her usual flow of spirits, Benjamin was getting the better of his bruises : the old lady rejoiced in the recovery of her niece, and the steward chuckled over the gift of the silver buckles, and the success he expected from sending the coat and waistcoat to the scowerers.

A whole

A whole week passed, in which this general felicity rather improved than diminished : but Felicity is at best but a coy visitant, fickle in her friendship, and unsteady in her attachments : and, perhaps, if she condescends to stay seven days in a family, it is as much as can well be expected. Change of air, immoderate walking (for my curiosity laid a heavy tax upon my legs) or some other cause, brought on a cold, so that on the Sunday evening succeeding these matters, I was quite hoarse, and did little more than cough, and suck sugar-candy ; a specific for this disorder, which I adopted in the nursery, and which, if not infallible, is at least as efficacious, as many a nostrum of prouder name, and dearer purchase. There was always,

however, a sort of *stimulus* in my temper, which would never suffer me to be supine, whether I was in sickness or in health, in solitude or in society. To this natural activity, perchance, I owe many strokes of fortune, which men of dormant and indolent propensities never experience: but I was inclined to brisk volition from my cradle, and as we all naturally *dislike* whatever is naturally *unlike* ourselves,—I mean in points of sentiment—I will now give the reader an early instance of my antipathy to every thing that wanted vivacity.

In my childhood, I was one day walking in a meadow, when I happened to strike my foot against a stone—Wretch, said I—a little vexed
by

by the pain — Wretch, how I pity thee? Fixed down by fate to one circumscribed spot—even to the narrow cavity of an inch diameter: there ingloriously reposing,—insensible to the joys of motion, an increasing incumbrance to the earth your cover, and supinely slumbering, even as you grow.—When I had thus triumphed over the innocent stone, which bore all upbraidings peaceably, I indulged the pride of superiority, by running hastily away; when my *precipitance* occasioned my foot to slip, and threw me (to use an old, but emphatic phrase) head over heels. The proverb was verified; pride had *a fall*: I felt it; and as I rose from the ground, said thus to myself: How unworthy is arrogance—What right.

had I to taunt and break my pitiful jests upon an innocent pebble, sleeping quietly in it's bed, performing it's allotted task in dutiful silence, and gradually spreading into bulk, peradventure, to mend the very cart-rut, over which the foot of my horse, or the wheel of my carriage is to pass more safely : if I were not afraid of being called superstitious, I should think this sprain of my ankle a judgment. Be it what it will ; if it teaches me humility, I shall consider it as a very seasonable tumble, and so (here I was obliged to bind a handkerchief hard round the part affected) as for the matter of a little smart, I believe it may be wholesome enough. —Saying this, I found the tears in my eyes, (for my ankle was swelling apace) and went limping away.

I men-

I mention this as a trait of my character, and a judicious reader will indeed find something more *truly* and *essentially* characteristic in these minute developments, than in the most elaborate detail of what historians very falsely call, *marking* circumstances. I have often wished, since this trifling accident, that I could have changed situations with the poor stone: if motion cannot produce rest, methinks there was nothing so extravagant in the idea: yet was there much ill-nature in it; for I have seen and felt enough to destroy the constitution, even of the stone itself, and by a change of conditions, it would, I am pretty certain, have had the worst of the bargain. But I shall digress into *gloominess*, which, even for the *chance* of being
 read

read (should my adventures ever be printed) I am resolved not to do; since I am confident, no man either looks into a book, or hears a story, without some notion of being entertained; and those people who think to raise pity, or attention, by expatiating on the subject of sorrow, and formally entering into prolix accounts of calamity, will certainly miss their aim. The whining beggar, who runs after us with a dismal ditty, we avoid and despise; the writer who dresses up the tale of woe, in all the fable pomps of description, and ceremonies of sepulchral sentiment, is no less troublesome and vapourish. And perhaps this is the reason why so many sizeable volumes, nay I might add, so many books of sacred instruction, are
neg-

neglected: the *utile dulce*, being constantly essential in every composition; not excepting those which are designed to persuade us to virtue, exhort us to repentance, and prepare us for immortality. And for the truth of this, I appeal to all the libraries in the kingdom: nay, I appeal to every man who may hereafter take up these memoirs. A few questions, fairly answered, decides the point.

Notwithstanding the real unhappy circumstances under which this History is written—notwithstanding the sad, solitary, *deserted*, and even *dying* state of the author, would any of these matters be attended to,—would not the most patient turn from his book, disgusted with the calamitous narrative, were it only to consist of melancholy scenes,

scenes, ruefully related, and morals deduced from thence, in the soporific solemnity of lethargic language? I declare to you, my worthy friend, the very recital of the questions already operate on my nerves, and the answer is displayed in painting my retreat in more dreadful colours. "A browner horror breathes along the wood." For my sake, therefore, and for thine, O reader, I will lull thee to sleep as seldom as possible; and yet take especial care, that I may neither hurt thy principles, or fatigue thy spirits, by keeping thee awake to the end of—at least of—a chapter—where, as at an inn,—if thou art disposed to take a little refreshing nap, fold down the page good temperedly; and, (in the hope that thou wilt wake in the same

same humour, so that we may meet,
after the enjoyment of thy panacea,
upon terms of mutual obligation)
much good may it do thee!——

C H A P. XLII.

Though my cold confined me to the
house, it did not confine me to the
chamber: I had therefore sufficient
scope for observation; and that too,
on a part of life with which I was
hitherto unacquainted. The incidents
which are constantly happening in
every family, are ample enough to
excite infinite reflection in the minds
of the speculative; no wonder, there-
fore, that I found ample subjects for
two

two or three days. Perhaps I was rather fortunate in this respect, or the said two or three days might teem with domestic adventures: for two very great events happened at Mrs. Darlington's while I continued an invalid, and I shall relate them, as I am resolved to do every thing else, exactly as they fell out at the time.

Mr. Jonathan Abrahams began to take a great fancy to me, which the ladies told me I might consider as no trifling favour; assuring me, that he was by no means apt to *take likings*, and particularly to *young people*, whom he in general treated as a pack of striplings, who know nothing of business, and whom he always spoke of with the most supercilious contempt: but it seems, I was down on
the

the credit side of his books, where, no doubt, the silver buckles *figured* respectably. Be that as it may, I was not displeased with his attention—for besides that it gratified my vanity, it gratified an higher passion, in giving me an opportunity now and then to throw in a word or two, by the bye, for my friend Benjamin.

It happened, that during my recess at home, Mrs. Darlington and her niece were under an indispensable necessity to pay a debt of visitings.—This debt had been long due, and the discharging it postponed from day to day, in mere compliment to me, as I declined attending them through the ceremonies of introduction: but as the debt was due to persons with whom the ladies stood on some little punctilio,

punctilio, the payment could now no longer be evaded, without a slur on that politeness of principle, which genteel people consider as a sanctimonious appendage of public character.

Mrs. Darlington, indeed, was naturally a little punctilious, and miss had no objection to keep upon the square with the acquaintances she did not care a farthing for; so that to have delayed the thing any longer would have been downright ill-breeding: a reproach no woman of fashion can possibly put up with, as it implies something vastly more shocking than the imputation of intrigue, or even of the mistake itself. To prevent, therefore, so iniquitous a violation of the laws of high life, I exerted my
utmost

atmost rhetoric to request they would take the opportunity of my wishing to write letters, and tumble over books, and rub off the long score which their acquaintances had marked against them, as could be testified by a variety of bills drawn upon the cards, which were laid in the windows, tucked in the carvings of the glasses, and displayed round every mantle-piece. My argument at length prevailed, and pretending on my part a wonderful deal of private business, that must at all events be done, the ladies paid a visit, first to themselves in their looking-glasses, in their dressing-rooms—then to the reflection of the same persons, when they got down stairs into the parlour—because it may possibly happen that glasses

differ as well as watches; and lastly to the ladies, the *living* ladies, who, retired within their drawing-rooms, were actually waiting for them.

And here I cannot omit a word or two on the curious commerce betwixt those who are distinguished under the general title of the *polite*: at least such among them as are resident in and about the courtly circle of the capital. The point of ceremony is critically adjusted, and the gradations, from the cold salute of the perfect well-bred stranger, to the most familiar ardours of the animated friend, are discriminated with a *minuteness*, which, employed on subjects of equal, or even *more* importance might produce to society something highly edifying. Possibly it may not be

be unamusing to throw together a few instances, from the multitude I collected, in the course of my observations on the customs of *the polite*.

Mr. Jonathan Abrahams himself never struck the ballance of debtor and creditor, or understood the secrets of the *per contra*, more precisely than many well-bred people, who nevertheless hate mathematics, and could as easily solve the knottiest problem in Euclid, as repeat their table of multiplication. The truth is, Mr. Abrahams' book of accounts resembles the account-books of the mostish, only in two great particulars, viz. in *paying* and *receiving*; and in these respects, many of them are as exact as the good steward, though he should bring down the fraction to the twen-

ty-nine-thousandth part of a farthing. These are what may properly be called, your annual visitors, or people who settle accounts once in the year; and therein the business differs widely from the business of Mr. Abrahams: for, should that faithful gentleman happen to call on any tenant at quarter-day, and instead of receiving his money, receive an apology or a denial, the matter would most likely have a serious face, and produce serious consequences: but in the adjustment of these politer transactions, where the parties know what they are about, the point is soon reconciled: the coachman drives lady A to lady B's house; the footman thunders out a polite alarm at the door. Lady B happens unfortunately to be from home; lady A putting her

her head out of the fash of the carriage to receive the messages, fees, perhaps, the identical lady B at one of the windows; but as she is *not at home*, there is no such thing as nods or curtesies, but the visit is *paid*, and lady A orders the servant to go as fast as the horses can gallop to Mrs. C's, while lady B is either sitting cool in her own parlour, or else preparing to pay her compliments to some other ladies of the alphabet, in the same manner: or, as we are told in the play, if she chooses to be politer still, she will entertain her acquaintances at home, and send round her *empty* chair, to entertain her acquaintances abroad.

Upon visitings of a nature somewhat less ceremonious, were Mrs.

Darlington and her niece now gone. They set out at half an hour past seven, and as Alicia was stepping into the carriage (while her eyes were immediately after directed to the window of a certain chamber, which contained, at that time, a certain person) she gave this account of her intended excursions: We shall pay half a dozen *how do you's* in Pall-Mall; half a score *is your lady's at home*, in Cavendish-Square; two or three five minute stops, at James, pass half an hour with lady Bustle, half an hour with Mrs. Slimlisp, drink a friendly cup of tea and coffee with my dear Maria, and so be home again by *supper*. I thought at least she would have had the conscience to say, *dinner to-morrow*; however, away they went; and Mrs.

Dar-

Darlington herself—good woman as she was,—seemed to be no way displeased at the rattle and rotation of absurdity she was, at sixty years of age, about to perform: while Alicia, either out of complaisance to me, or for some other reason, kept still leaning out of the window, and kissing her hand, (a ceremony which I, awkwardly enough returned) till she was fairly out of sight.

C H A P. XLIII.

It was a pre-concerted thing betwixt Abrahams and me, to enjoy a social hour together, the very first time I could steal, as he expressed it, from the gaiety of magnificent mad-

ness, to plain sober meaning commonsense; by which was literally meant no more than preferring his company to that of his mistress.

Soon after the ladies were gone then, Jonathan conducted me into a commodious little apartment, which led into his office, where, placing me in his own arm-chair, he shook me respectfully by the hand, and welcomed me to his hut; and presently, sir, cries Jonathan, we'll crack an innocent bottle. On this he rang the bell, and two or three servants immediately obeyed the summons. Tell Mrs. Goodby, said the steward, to send me the sugar basin, and lemon squeezers; perhaps, sir, you may prefer a tiff of punch; some love one thing, some another. Every man in
his

his humour. If we were all to like the same thing, what would become of us; what's one man's meat is another man's poison. In short, Mr. Abrahams exemplified and corroborated almost every sentiment, by proverbial evidence; and he went on to prove, how natural it was for some men to love punch, and some wine, till a bottle of the one, and a bowl of the other, might very fairly have been consumed.

Whether Abrahams had really any saving policy in this method of interlarding his conversation with old saws, I cannot tell. The sugar at last became useful, and unlocking a closet that stood in the corner of the room, and a bin that was made in the window seat, he produced from the one
a case

a case of bottles, such as are frequent amongst mariners, and from the other *another* bottle, which he said was almost as old as himself. He now begged permission to fill his pipe, which being readily granted, a candle, which he took from his beaufet, being lighted, (and afterwards extinguished) and every other act of deliberation over, he shook me once more by the hand, as he was seating himself, and repeated his gladness to see me.

You would hardly think it, sir, cries Johnathan, (fixing the pipe in his mouth)—you would hardly suppose that I prefer this piece of a *mouse-hole*, as I may call it, to any room in Mrs. Darlington's house! 'Tan't the bigness of a thing constitutes the goodness. You, perhaps,
call

call it a *nut shell*. It may be so, yet what is sweeter than the kernel? Very true, Mr. Abrahams, answered I—Pardon me, sir, quoth the steward, there is something about you that I like; you may see my respect, indeed, by wearing your favour—here he pointed to his shoes, on which were the silver buckles. — A keep-fake, Mr. Benignus, is a keep-fake, and should be held sacred. *Memoria amicitiae*. If a man was to part from any thing I gave him for this purpose, though it were but a cheese-paring—though it were but the bowl of this tobacco-pipe.—I should never have any opinion of him again. Sir, I will wear these buckles till they are ten times thinner than a six-pence; and so, sir, here's my hearty service to
you

you. I was so charmed with Jonathan's gratitude, and expressions of kindness, that my heart opened, and I was sorry that I had so shabbily purchased his esteem. A pair of silver buckles, said I to myself, as he was taking off the punch, pitiful!

I have often thought, resumed he, (setting his glass down,) of buying me a couple of label's to hang round the necks of my bottles, but I don't know how it is, one thing or another takes away one's money, and leaves nothing for trifles: yet some day I will certainly do it, for you must know I am a strange fellow; every thing in this room, and in that office, is *my own*, and I am such a sort of a chap, that I can't even sit down on another person's property, unless I pay for it. That's
being

being very conscientious, indeed, said I. It is so, answered Abrahams; but you shall hear. I have been an old standard in this family, and am besides a piece of a relation to Mrs. Darlington; but I made a rule many years ago, upon having a legacy of fifty pounds left me per annum, that however poor my apparel, food, or furniture, it should be my own property. Having a method of making fifty pounds go a good way, I came to a resolution, and put it into practice. Madam, says I to Mrs. Darlington, I am an odd fellow, a very odd fellow, and having now a little windfall come to me, I am resolved to employ it in providing myself with all necessaries. Content is as good as a feast. What do you mean Mr. Abrahams,

hams, says she, why sure you won't leave me in this manner: you know every thing is under your eye, and I shall be ruined without you. Madam, says I, you misunderstand me. I do not intend to kick the stool from under me. Some honest gleanings of my industry, I have certainly picked up under Sir Robert Darlington, and fifty pounds a year more comes to me by gift. Put that and that together, and I have a morsel of bread and a morsel of butter, of my own, the year round. I have nevertheless a kind love for the Darlington's—use is second nature. What is your drift, Johnathan, said she? Why, madam, answered I, to tell you *in few*, the *needful* at once, I will continue your steward as usual, but I must purchase
the

the furniture of my office and my parlour, and pay you so much per annum for the house-rent, and after that you shall give me such a yearly salary, as in your own judgment appears sufficient, and I must also allow so much for my board, otherwise be permitted to find my own diet. Only consent to stay, Abrahams, cries Mrs. Darlington, and you shall do as you please. Well, sir, the point was at last settled in this manner. I bought the things you see at second hand. Mrs. Darlington would take no refusal as to the *compliment* of my board, and she was pleased to increase my stipend, so as to make my income comfortable. One good turn deserves another: I have now made myself as necessary to her, as her estate; indeed,

deed, I have raised the *value* of her estate some hundreds a year since Sir Robert Darlington's death; Sir Robert, you must know, was an easy man, and let his lands always at the same rent, so that his tenants got a great deal too fat: nay, one of them had the impudence to keep a couple of better hunters than any in his landlord's stable, and the daughters tossed up their noses in such a saucy manner, that they fainted at the sight of a dairy, and set their caps, forsooth, at a fortune. But I soon brought their fine hunters to a plain honest cart-horse, made them earn their bread like father Adam, and turned the furbelows and flounces of the forward young misses, into their decent housewifely apparel—aye, and put a round sum
into

into Mrs. Darlington's pocket into the bargain.

This was acting the man of spirit, said I, Mr. Abrahams. It was, answered Abrahams, I believe, acting, at one and the same time, the politician, the landlord, and the steward; and, between you and I, if Sir Robert had held it out much longer, there's ne'er a mother's son, nor daughter, upon the grounds belonging to Darlington Lodge, would have been worth *this*—(meaning the ashes of his pipe, which he was then gently knock'd against the bars of the grate.) But pray, sir, drink, I believe you will find that, (pointing to the bowl,) pretty tolerable stuff. I now drank, for the first time; for this worthy steward had so puzzled me by his enig-

matic conversation, and spoke in so extraordinary a manner, that he saved his liquor by his singularity. He had now talked almost half an hour (for he was very deliberate in his articulation) and I could not well make either one thing or another of him.

He was, *altogether*, the oddest character which had ever yet come within my knowledge. I was sometimes apt to suppose, by his air of austerity, that he was a much greater man in point of distinction, than he pretended to be: but there was something of superciliousness in his manners, which was strangely disgusting. I put together such parts of his conduct as amazed me. The confession he made, of having lent a man money upon a diamond ring; his saluting a man with

with the greatest cordiality, whom in the very next moment he called as arrant a rascal as any in the three kingdoms; his never having set his foot within a church—his fiddlestick of faith; his anxiousness about the lost buckle—his squabble with the silver-smith—his treatment of the poor female scavenger—his anger at the misfortune of his nephew—his meanness about the fare of the coachman; with several other circumstances, caught up in the course of his last conversation, rendered his conduct so truly mystical, that I could much sooner have solved any mathematical difficulty, than have unfolded the riddle that disguised the character of Mr. Jonathan Abrahams.

The conundrum was made still more intricate, when, to the strange

matters above, were added his more
 favourable parts of behaviour: such,
 for instance, as his gratitude for the
 trifling present of the buckles—his
 modest simile of the nut-shell—his
 love of independence—his veneration
 for keep-fakes—his integrity to the
 widow Darlington, whose estate he had
 improved; his changing running-
 horses to cart-horses; and his redu-
 cing the fly-away farmer's daughters
 to a proper sense of their condition.
 The only probable way for a person
 who is in doubt whether to pro-
 nounce a thing good, or bad, an equal
 mixture of both, or neither absolute-
 ly one or the other, is to follow the
 example of every honest trader, and,
 holding the scales with an even hand,
 fairly weigh one property against an-
 other.

other. And this custom, however simple, would, if practised in the world, save, I conceive, much scurrility and mistake; for many characters, at first sight, seeming to want weight, are, upon trial, found no way deficient, and it may possibly happen that the scale of indiscretions, heavy as they may look, will kick the beam, while the scale of virtues, supposed wanting, shall very honourably preponderate.

As Mr. Abrahams was summoned out upon some occasion or another, just as he had brought his discourse and pipe to a conclusion, I had leisure to weigh him as I thought proper; and, therefore, fairly placing what made for him on the one hand, with what made against him on the

other, the equipoise was very decently maintained: the wrong scale trembled, indeed, somewhat at first towards the center, but, in the end, by making all possible *grains* of allowance, he appeared at least to be a mighty good meaning sort of a prudent, pains-taking man: his errors, chiefly those of affectation and habit, and his virtues highly suitable to the steward of a rich widow, who was too much a woman of fashion to look into her own affairs. As soon, therefore, as I took Mr. Jonathan out of the scales, I made a memorandum of the labels to hang round the necks of his bottles.

C H A P. LXIV.

Jonathan now re-entered in more bustle than usual, followed by a person, to whom he quickly turned about, and spoke as follows: Aye, aye, Nabal, too many eggs in one basket; the more haste, the worse speed—too much of one thing is good for nothing: *lente festina*: he stumbles that goes fast; and so there's two hundred and fifty gone at a flap, again: Well, well, Nabal, never mind that, we can but be ruined, we can but be ruined. Here he shook his perriwig by the foretop, while the powder flew about the room, and bespread the face of Nabal, who still

maintained his station behind, notwithstanding Jonathan's attempt to face him.—A damned sprash, indeed, cries Nabal, wiping his face, but the man is gone the world over. Run away too, the rascal, hey? answered Jonathan. To the devil, said Nabal. What's the matter, gentlemen, said I, I hope no misfortune? Sir, replied Abrahams, I have lost two hundred and fifty pounds for doing a generous action. That's hard, indeed, said I; And what's worse, cries the steward, it was done with another man's money. Poor Benjamin's whole fortune, I can assure you: well, Nabal, we must make the best of it. Run your eye over the Daily, and the Gazetteer, and call again in the morning. Nabal nodded his head, and disappeared,

peared, while Abrahams sat down in his chair, begged my pardon for the disorder into which this unlucky stroke had thrown him, and muttered, between his teeth, the words, villain, caitiff, and scoundrel, with great fervour.

I pressed to know the cause of this calamity.

Sir, said the steward, shaking me by the hand, I wish, with all my soul, that my heart was made of adamant. I wish I had no more commiseration than this poker. A rascal came to me, sometime ago, with a pitiful face, whom I knew from a baby, and thought, God help me, as honest as myself; he would have shut up shop—a sugar-baker, sir,—in four hours, if *I* had not kept him going.—Well, sir, he
wanted

wanted two hundred and fifty pieces —I had no money at home, having just then made a purchase. Mrs. Darlington was pretty deep in the repair-way, and I could not command a shilling, without breach of trust. What was to be done.—Oliver, said I to the man, you must e'en make a break of it: but he threw his tears upon me, knowing what a fool of a heart I had, and indeed melted me down to such an ignoramus, that I touched upon poor Ben's property, which was left him last year by his godfather, and put the boy's whole fortune into the hands of this Oliver, who gave me, as I hoped to be saved, nothing but a couple of crazy buildings, in the worst part of the city, and his bond for security. The cottages may tumble down,

down, or be burnt up to-night, and he may die to-morrow; then what's his bond good for? But now behold you, the villain has shipped himself off for the Devil's Arse a Peak, the Lord of Heaven knows where, and I may go whistle for my money. But the longer a man lives, the more he knows: if I was to live to the age of Methusalem, I'd never do another friendly thing to man, woman, or child. He has cured me of that. You may deceive a man once, and it's not his fault. Deceive him again, and he ought to be crucified. A burnt child dreads the fire. For Oliver's sake I'll forswear friendship: I will, I will, I will!

In uttering this harangue, Jonathan heated as he went; and, like a wheel
in

in violent motion, became at last so intensely hot, that at the close of the speech he actually fired ; and while he emphatically repeated the words, I will ! there was as much horror in his look, fury in his eyes, blood in his face, and froth at his mouth, as ever exhibited themselves in the countenance of a dog, in the arid month of July, expiring under the agonies of canine distraction. I exhorted him to be pacified, and bade him exert his fortitude. A fig for fortitude, sir. I'll burn his buildings, and throw his bond into the middle of the blaze, and if the hand which signed it was there into the bargain, I would not pull it out with a pair of tongs. I can bear any thing but ingratitude. 'Tis not the money, but the man.

Sir,

Sir, I would have pawned my salvation on this fellow's honesty. I don't think he ever behaved like a scoundrel before.—Then surely, Mr. Abrahams, said I, he deserves a—a—He deserves a halter, replied the steward. Tut, tut, never tell me: once a scoundrel, and always a scoundrel. By the same rule then, Mr. Abrahams, said I, once an honest man and always an honest man. No such thing, exclaimed Jonathan, almost delirious, and quite hoarse—no such thing. I have known a fellow pay away money one day, and steal it another. Sir, you're a young gentleman, and I'm only an old fool of sixty-eight, who has given away my poor dear Ben's property to a rascal—my poor Ben, whom I love better than my eyes! Upon this
the

the tears came actually into the old man's eyes, while sympathy brought drops of the same sort into mine, by way, I suppose, of keeping him company, and I was at loss whether most to pity or despise him.

I was just going to say something, inspired by my too tender heart, when a gentle tap at the door prevented me. Jonathan sternly bid the person come in; and Benjamin himself, as pale as his shirt, made his appearance. The poor lad, knowing the infirmity of his uncle, and hearing his voice violently exerted, (as his chamber was immediately over the office,) came limping down stairs, (as the kick he received in the knee, from the chandler, was still retarding his recovery,) and was in hopes of administering
some

some assistance to the steward. As soon, therefore, as he entered, he forgot his lameness, and ran to beg his uncle, for God's sake, not to bring the gout into his stomach, which he knew must be the case, if he continued to give way to passion, bidding him remember how bad he was last winter was twelvemonth, and said he had rather die himself, than bury his dear, dear uncle, that brought him up, gave him schooling, paid for the very shirt he had upon his back, and had moreover put out his little fortune, which was to set him up by and by, to the best advantage.

The former part of this affectionate speech, softened the rugged nature, and settled the rigid muscles of this strange compound, and operated like a charm;
such

such and so rapid are the transitions, and so instantly do different passions take possession of us: but at the conclusion, when Benjamin mentioned the circumstance of his uncle's great goodness, in placing out his legacy to the best advantage, he was so smote by the secret and bitter satire of such undeserved praise, that he positively seized his own throat, in mere detestation of himself, and gave his forehead two or three hearty flaps, as much as to signify that he was striking a numskull: then softening again, he threw his arms over Benjamin's neck, and thus they remained for several minutes, clinging together. A stroke of nature, and the pathetic, has more charms far me, than the gold of Ophir.

The

The scene before me could be painted only by the power that can silence the roaring of the sea, and subdue the ferocity of the panther.—I beheld the lover of money, and the slave of passion, melting into the tender charities of the relation. I yielded to the occasion, and (however indiscreet) indulged my temper. The instruments of writing were in the room, and, while the uncle and nephew were locked in embraces, I wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, laid it upon the table, and hurried out of the apartment.—I had just got into the sitting room, when a knocking at the street-door announced the return of my cousins.

C H A P. LXV.

Readers there are, I know, of so critical and inquisitive a temper, that every point must be cleared up as they go on, or else the poor author is directly accused of inconsistency. As it is my hearty wish, should I come into print, to satisfy all perusers and purchasers, of whatsoever denomination, I shall now settle some matter, which might otherwise fit a little hard upon a critical stomach. And first, as to circumstances of *time* and *place*.

It may seem a little odd, that Mr. Benjamin should have so *rustic* an air about him, seeing that he was resident

dent in a very fashionable family, attended his ladies in St. James's Park, and had the pattern of so London-looking a character as Mr. Abrahams before him. Be it known, therefore, that, till within these few months, Benjamin lived as a sort of upper servant at the country seat, which bore the name of Darlington Lodge, where this young lad was instructed in the office of surveying, by a country school-master; who, with the exciseman, two or three farmers, the landlord of the Three Blue Bells, and the rest of Mrs. Darlington's domestics, with a few cottagers, made the inhabitants of the whole village; and he was now in town, at the earnest desire of Mrs. Darlington herself.

Whether this desire proceeded originally and entirely from her, is a point no way incumbent upon me to meddle with at present. Certain, however, it is, that the youth himself had no sort of objection to it; for Mr. Christopher Dennis, (the father of his friend Nancy,) formerly lived and manufactured the mild ale at the Three Blue Balls aforesaid; but, on a recommendation from the 'squire of the next village, he was now promoted to manufacture malt and hops, at a capital brewery in the Borough of London, and *there*, (as the reader has seen,) resided with him Nancy Dennis, the *friend* of Mr. Benjamin.

Now, some may think, that the pride of the steward would have prevented him from suffering his nephew
to

to remain as a servant, though a *favourite* servant: some may be surprised, that Mrs. Darlington did not discover the affection of her niece for this young fellow, through all the affectation of disguises; while others may express their wonder, that, after having made so many wise resolutions, I should do so *rash an action* as that mentioned in the close of the last chapter; for I will not attribute to any of my readers so little sagacity, as not to suppose they all understand, that, upon the slip of paper left upon the steward's table was written a draught upon my agent (with whom the reader will be presently acquainted) for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

Now to defend either this point, or any others, so as to labour at *explaining away* their blame or error, I never shall pretend. This History is not designed to be the stage for those *imaginary* gods and goddesses to act on, who never said or did an ill thing; but the matters herein related, are neither more, or less, than some scenes, representing and delineating mere *human life*, where characters and actions are displayed with all their beauties and blemishes, as blended in the constitution by nature; and brought out by occasion. As far, therefore, as it is necessary for me to clear up circumstances, which have reference to the rules of composition, so far will I study to ease the mind of the reader, but no farther. Should he,

he, therefore, say to himself, *this* is strange, *that* is odd, *this* is foolish, and *that* is absurd ; I can only answer, *once for all*, that I am nevertheless an impartial biographer ; and it would be very hard if it were expected I should not only *describe* strangeness and oddity, folly and absurdity, but answer for it too. No, my dear reader, this burden I totally shift from my shoulders. I tell you faithfully what has happened, and discover to you not only incidents but the persons of the drama : be it thy business to account for, and to analyze, to censure, and to condemn.

Indeed, I shall not, I fear, be able to clear up my *own* conduct to all readers ; and, notwithstanding all which has been done, many will call me a

fool, many a *madman*, and more will wonder I am not now dying, rather in a ditch, than in a forest. Possibly, however, some may pity, and some may weep : there are, it is presumed, certain passages in these adventures, levelled particularly at people of feeling. *Such* characters will haply bestow some tears to my misfortunes, and if they do,—let them not hastily wipe them from the cheek, because they can never look ungraceful.

Thus much then has been said, that the reader may not expect more than is intended ; and now, having entered a caveat against all *misapprehensions*, and written a chapter, for this explanatory purpose, I cordially invite the readers company and attention again, to what I shall, without

out any farther ceremony, set before him.—

C H A P. LXVI.

Alicia took hold of my hand, like a good-natured, lively cozen, at her return, and, after she had asked how the poor fellow's knee above stairs did, told me, that she had found out a companion for me, and that he would breakfast with me in the morning. She then was about to withdraw to her dressing-room, to pull off her finery, and enjoy the comforts of an undress; comforts which are none of the least, for surely nothing can be more disagreeable than to sit in one's own house, (after the fatigues

tigues of visiting,) under a load of nonsensical ornaments, and superfluous decoration; with hoops spreading out their formidable immensity, silks endangering of a foil, pendants dangling at the ear, and ruffles bandaging up the elbow. To lay aside these, therefore, till fancy summoned them again from the drawer, Alicia had now opened the parlour-door; from which she beheld *something* that changed her whole behaviour in a moment; and (though she was humming an Italian air the moment before,) utterly altered her tune. This something, was Mr. Benjamin, who was then hopping across the room into which the parlour-door opened, under his crutch, in his way from his uncle's office to his chamber: for the
 poor

poor lad's knee was still very painful, and the apothecary strongly enjoined rest, to prevent, as he said, an imposthumation, and all vicious propensity to humours.

The handle of the door was still in Alicia's hand, and being rather loose, it rattled as she trembled. I was close to her on the other side; but yet no artifice could possibly conceal her agitation: Benjamin bowed, as well as his lameness permitted him, and passed on. Luckily, however, for the lady, Mrs. Darlington went immediately from her carriage to her dressing-room, where she still remained. When she had somewhat collected herself, she looked me full in the face, without speaking a word, then lifting

ing up her hands and eyes, she cried out, Oh God ! Oh God ! What a fool I am, and how ridiculous do I make myself : then hurrying away, she hid her face, and tottered up into her chamber.

The passion of Alicia had now fairly conspired with opportunity to betray her, and the exact situation of her mind became too palpable to be mistaken : nor was it possible to know the temper, without pitying the passion ; for she was a girl of a very ambitious disposition, had the loftiest notions of rank, and heartily hated herself for entertaining any tender sentiments towards an object so much beneath her.

Such, indeed, was her pride or
prudence, that though (vulgarly
speak-

speaking,) she doated on Benjamin to distraction, that very Benjamin never once suspected it. And, contrary to the general custom of young ladies in love, she had no confidante, or secret-keeper, of her own sex—in the house I mean—to whom she imparted her flame.

“ She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm o’ th’ bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.”

To this guarded conduct, perhaps, it was, that Mrs. Darlington herself did not suspect the attachment; or if she did suspect it, she possibly trusted to her niece’s superior ideas, and love of splendour, which she imagined would save her from any indiscretion.

There

There is, however, no opposing this strange passion, against another. The war is unequal, and if intricacy and entanglement takes place among the troops of love, the enemy is generally worsted; ambition itself is put to flight, and the tender tyrant takes the field. It plainly appeared from this, and many other instances, that Alicia was resolved either to die or conquer: but alas! with all her vivacity, pride, disdain, and haughty determinations, some decisive circumstances took place, soon after this, which humbled her spirit, and reduced the sultaness to the slave. But for a recapitulation of these matters, interesting as they are, the reader must have philosophy enough to wait, or else skip over some pages, which, it is hoped,

hoped, are not unworthy his perusal.

I must not omit here, to mention a piece of literary policy, in not prefixing to each of my chapters an abridgment of the matter therein contained, in imitation of several great writers: for, besides that I take this sort of anticipation to be the way to forestal the market, it leaves little for the reader on which to exercise his imagination: the charm of surprize is totally taken off: he knows, in five lines, what is to be talked over again in as many leaves, and it would be his cheapest way to buy only the table of contents, which is at least the cream of the jest, and the mere milk may go to the cat, if it will.

Alicia was one day reading a new romance, to a circle of ladies, who
were

were working round the fire at their needle: the author informed them only that he begun with chapter the first, and courteously desired they would courteously read on to chapter the last. Lord, said one of the ladies, what a provoking man this is, we must go quite through the book, without kuowing what it is upon. In the middle of the first volume, the heroine (as is usual) was desperately, and (as is usual) unhappily, in love. Read away, my dear Alicia, cries a sprightly lass, I wonder to my soul *what's next*. A few chapters more threw the heroine into such a critical situation, that the fair reader and her audience quite raved with impatience. One of them caught the book, and began to read at the last chapter

chapter of the first volume; another wanted much to see how *it ended*. This, however, would not do, they found the author talking of quite a different subject, and were vexed with themselves to think, that while they were wasting time in turning over the pages to no purpose, they might have come to the crisis of the story they were upon, and got half way into another. This reflection gave them fresh spirits, Alicia began where she left off: the history improved in its progress, sometimes they left working to laugh, and sometimes to cry; and when they arrived at the last chapter, like a man who had taken a delightful but too short a ride, thro' a pleasant and various country, they lamented that it was done, and could wish to go over the ground again.

For these reasons have I avoided the bill of fare, which specifies not only every dish, but what every dish contains. I will make the banquet as pleasant as possible, but the reader must not spoil his dinner by a taste before it is ready, but eat a hearty meal, and take a slice of every thing at table; which I hope he may be able to do without palling his appetite. Let Alicia and her passion, therefore, amuse themselves together, till it is proper to bring them again upon the scene: at present they make their exit, to introduce, what is generally welcome, a new acquaintance.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLVII.

We were scarce seated at breakfast, when the footman brought in the name of Mr. Draper, and in five seconds afterwards Mr. Draper made his appearance : and as mirth-inspiring a person he had as ever was exhibited. He looked about thirty, his features were constantly on the smile ; he was inclined to no more than an agreeable corpulency ; his eyes were brisk and blue ; his complexion fair, almost to freckles and effeminacy, and his forehead without a wrinkle : indeed there was no symptom either of care or cau-

tion, sorrow or suffering, about his character. The easiness of his manner, however, the vivacity of his remark, and the complacency of his whole carriage, were so extremely adapted to the moments which are devoted to china and chatter, that he was surely born to be a necessary appendage to the tea-table—a cup of him once a day, might be pleasing enough, but, I supposed, that if he was to be *taken for a constancy*, he would have a tendency (like the tea itself) to create the spleen, demolish the nerves, and promote the vapours. He was, in short, all laugh, loll, and liberty, and I set him down, before he laid his spoon across the cup, as a mere *petit-maitre*; in
which

which conclusion, I was full as near the truth, as people generally are, who, led away by the glance, are too giddy, or too proud, to imagine they may be mistaken.

Perhaps, there are a great many cases where it is quite wrong to believe ones *own eyes*; at least, he who supposes he can develop the human character, at a single view, will have many a mortifying instance to question his sagacity, and often commit blunders, beneath the penetration of a puppy. Mr. Draper was more agreeable than the sugar, and there was really so much cream in his conversation, that our morning's repast, was unusually social: even Alicia, seemed for a while to forget her Ben-

jamin; Mrs. Darlington smiled at as much as she could hear; and I, perfectly charmed into silence, considered Mr. Draper, as the most entertaining young man in the whole world. Yes, said I to myself, softly, this is the very acquaintance I wanted; what a fortunate introduction!—How easy he sits in his chair! what breeding in his step, what polite pliability in his bow!—what a flow of words! and what pleasantry in his ideas! I suppose now he is the most polished character of his age; but I am afraid I make but *a so-so* sort of figure beside him: some how, or another, my hands, are in my way, I scarce know what to do with my legs; I can't conceive how I got this
 nasty

nasty trick of playing with my buttons; and what the deuce can make me feel easier alone, or with Benjamin, than with such a genteel circle as this before me!—yet why do I indulge these thoughts? Rome was not built in a day; and I dare say, it takes some time to make a man a gentleman! the hour may yet come, when I may be as easy and affable as Mr. Draper.

Mr. Draper was entering into a spirited burlesque on the insipidity of visiting parties, and playing with his watch-chain with as much carelessness as if he had got the whole conversation by rote, while I entered into this soliloquy, during which I fixed my eyes directly on the tea-board

board in the room ; this fit of cogitation was soon invaded, by a smart tap on the shoulder from Mr. Draper, who putting up my reflections to auction, became himself the first bidder, and offered a *penny for my thoughts*. Then came on the subject of my dress, (which, by the bye I had not altered), but Draper said, he would walk with me to his taylor, in the course of the excursion he had in store for me ; not, cries he, that I would have you suppose I am bigotted to frippery, even though you now see me so APEFIED ; but the ridicule of fools, is ten times keener than the cut of a razor ; if custom bids a man be a monkey, he must e'en adopt the character, sir ; and I would
 either

either *dress* or *strip*, rather than be the topic of a moment's titter, to any man breathing. To laugh is exquisite, but to be the *subject* of laughter, is to me the agony of the damned. For these reasons, therefore, my dear lad, adopt the absurdity of the times, though it should command you to wear a doublet of gauze in the winter, and a jerkin of flannel in the dog-days. What say you, Benignus, shall we move? 'tis too early for the ladies, and we may enjoy many a delicious joke as we go on.

As my cold was much mended, and I admired Mr. Draper, even more than sugar-candy; and as I had besides an eager curiosity to see and
know

know more of his character, I readily embraced his offer, and making our adieu's to the ladies, we walked out of the room like old acquaintances, arm in arm together.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.

a-
ng
ed
t-